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ALFONSO XII. OF SPAIN, AND HIS MOTHER, EX-QUEEN ISABELLA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE ARTICLE, "A PERIOD OF REACTION," PAGE 78.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

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## EVENTS IN LOUISIANA.

IT is the happy fortune of this country that we live under a government of laws and not of men, and that there is a universal and prompt awakening of the public mind whenever the authority of law is transcended. The late events in New Orleans have produced a more general and painful excitement than any thing that has recently occurred, and the consequences will undoubtedly be far-reaching and most important. The Louisiana question is no longer one of party under the government, but of the fundamental guarantees of American liberty. The condition of the State, indeed, has long been deplorable, and it is one of the chief offenses of Congress that after the report of its own committee, revealing the anarchy that prevailed, it refused to take action. A large share of the responsibility for the late events, therefore, belongs to Congress. But while this is true—while the situation may be all that has been represented by the most heated partisan—while all may be true that General SHERIDAN stated in his first dispatch, although he could hardly have known it to be so—while all that is charged as to the murderous and unlawful designs of the White League may be correct—while all that was said in the Senate of assassination, Ku-Klux, and rebellion may be well founded—while all that is alleged of the irregularity and illegality of the organization of the Legislature may be conceded, the action of the Republican government upon the assembling of the Louisiana Legislature has no precedent whatever in American constitutional history, except the Democratic crime against Kansas, and painfully recalls King CHARLES's fatal and foolish arrest of the five members.

We will take the facts from the chief actor, Mr. KELLOGG, in his statement to the reporter of the *Herald*, and they are confirmed by the mass of testimony. The general election took place in November, and the result for the Lower House of the Legislature was very close. The Returning Board, which is the lawful body to declare the result, gave a majority of two or three to the Republicans, and left some seats in doubt, to be settled by the Legislature. The Legislature met, and, like all legislative bodies, was the sole judge of the qualifications and election of its members.

It is claimed that persons not legally returned as elected took part in the organization, and that there was great disorder. Upon this fifty-two members—"a clear majority" of those legally returned as elected—waited upon the Governor, and told him that a mob was in possession of the legislative hall, obstructing the action of the Legislature. Undoubtedly, if there was dangerous disorder, it was the duty of the Governor, in the last extremity, to maintain the peace. He immediately ordered a body of police to the spot, and fearing, from the appearance of things, a riot, he requested the officer commanding the United States troops to send soldiers to his assistance, to be marched into the building to aid the police, "orders being given," and of course by his authority, "that no member returned as elected, nor any regular officer of the Legislature, should be interfered with, but that the mob, and persons not returned as elected, should be removed from the floor of the House."

This is the Governor's own statement. Now he is not authorized to employ the United States troops to keep the peace until he has made a requisition upon the President, and such is the jealous regard of the Constitution for the people as represented in the Legislature that he can not do that except "when the Legislature can not be convened." But it appears that the Governor made no request to the President, while, by his own statement, there was a lawful quorum of the Legislature upon the spot. If, as the Governor claims, a clear majority of the lawful Legislature waited upon him, the simple, obvious, lawful course was that they should organize, and then, with the Governor, if they thought the peril imminent, call for necessary aid. But there was and would have been no peril. There would have been two bodies claiming to be the Legislature—one composed, according to the Governor's statement, of a minority of those lawfully declared to be elected, the other of a lawful majority, and recognized by him. If necessary, an appeal could then have been made to Congress. The gravity and the menace of this case we can better understand by making it our own. Suppose that the election had left the New York Legislature as closely divided between the parties as that of Louisiana, and half a dozen Republicans, claiming to be elected, but thrown out by the canvassers, had taken part in the organization, and the House so constituted had chosen a Republican Speaker, what should we have thought if Governor TILDEN had sent a file of United States soldiers with orders that "persons not returned as elected should be removed from the floor of the House?" Mr. THURMAN stated in the Senate that some years ago the Legislature of Ohio was engaged for a fortnight in a desperate wrangle over organization, but from whatever cause the trouble may have arisen, he said that if President VAN BUREN had sent the army to settle the difficulty, the army would not have left Columbus again. SAM ADAMS would have said very much the same thing a hundred years ago.

A very great wrong, as it seems to us, has been committed in New Orleans, and with the acquiescence of the Administration. Republican as we are, we are so only because we believe the equal rights of all Americans are safer with the intelligence and conscience that make the inspiration, and have in general directed the policy, of the Republican party. But we do not excuse or justify, in this or in any other case, what seems to us a flagrant and fatal disregard of those guarantees which are indispensable to free popular government. And because we are Republican, and contemplate with profound apprehension the possibility of the restoration of the Democratic party to power, we see with the utmost amazement, incredulity, and pain that measures are approved by the Administration which can have but one result, and that is the total destruction of the party that was called into active and triumphant life by the aggressions of human slavery and the wrongs of Kansas.

We trust that the Congress of the United States will no longer evade its duty; but its action, whatever it may be, can not wholly undo the wrong that has been done, nor altogether heal the wound which the great party of liberty, order, and equal rights has received in the house of its friends. The report of the Louisiana committee will perhaps be submitted before this paper is issued. It will be awaited with intense interest, and should it be, as we hope it will be, unanimous, it will unquestionably be accepted by the country as the best attainable statement of the situation in that unhappy State. Meanwhile there is the remedy that never fails. There is no need of rhetorical fury or brute force. Either our whole American system is wrong, or the intelligent vote of the country will peaceably settle this question.

## GOVERNOR TILDEN'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of Governor TILDEN is the work of an intelligent and sagacious man who has carefully studied many public questions, and his political opponents will agree with much that he says. He points out clearly, and with a peculiar authority, derived from his labors in the TWEED prosecution, the necessity of legislation adequately to punish public thieves like TWEED; and all that he says upon the subject shows pretty plainly that Governor TILDEN is not very likely to pardon the offender whom the late Board of Commissioners were so reluctant to punish. The Governor's suggestions in regard to the passage of laws enforcing the amendments to the Constitution lately adopted are also timely and wise. His elaborate discussion of the canal question shows his familiarity with the subject, and his recommendation that a commission be appointed to inquire into the whole matter and report a proper policy for the State to pursue is judicious and worthy the attention and action of the Legislature. The long disquisition upon the finances is able and sound, and shows that the Governor holds views which his fellow-Democrats of Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, and elsewhere utterly scorn and repudiate. Indeed, every word of this part of the Message serves to illustrate the irreconcilable difference in Democratic opinion upon the subject. Mr. TILDEN is a "hard-money" man, but "hard money" is in no sense a doctrine of his party.

A few sentences upon the constitutional amendments at the end of the Message express the Governor's own views undoubtedly, and those which, as in the case of his financial opinions, he ardently wishes were the views of his party. But the Democratic party, since the days of the old Regency, has not been accustomed to look to New York for its policy. As the statement of what Democrats like Governor TILDEN wish was the sentiment of their party, we quote his words upon the amendments:

"Such has been our course, after and in spite of the fact that these our kindred, in a common ancestry, a common heritage, and a common future, had joined at national conventions in the nomination of candidates and in the declaration of principles and purposes, which form an authentic acceptance of the results of the war, embodied in the last three amendments to the organic law of the Federal Union; and that they had by the suffrages of all their voters at the last national election completed the proof that now they only seek to share with us and to maintain the common rights of American local self-government in a fraternal union, under the old flag, with 'one Constitution and one destiny.' There should be no misunderstanding as to this position of our Southern brethren, or of any portion of our fellow-citizens. The questions settled by the war are never to be reopened. The adoption of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments to the Federal Constitution closed one great era in our politics. It marked the end forever of the system of human slavery, and of the struggles that grew out of that system. These amendments have been conclusively adopted, and they have been accepted in good faith by all political organizations and the people of all sections. They close the chapter; they are and must be final. All parties hereafter must accept and stand upon them; and henceforth our politics are to turn upon questions of the present and the future, not upon those of the settled and final past."

The Governor says that our Southern kindred, meaning the late Confederates, have accepted the amendments at National Conventions. The exact fact is that there have been two National Conventions of his party since the war, in one of which it declared the amendments revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void; and in the other it accepted them in accepting the Cincinnati platform and the nomination of a Republican—a performance which was universally known to be a trick for success, and which had not the moral approval of the party. That the amendments have been accepted in good faith by all sections is an opinion of the Governor's which will not be shared by those of his fellow-citizens who know something of the actual situation in many parts of the Southern States.

We repeat, however, that these are the views of a very intelligent Democrat, who naturally wishes that all Democrats shared them, and they are undoubtedly the views which should be universal and unquestionable. But the extracts that we print elsewhere show that other Democrats are of another mind upon this subject, as the Western Conventions show that they are upon "hard money." The truth seems to be that upon the finances both parties are divided, while upon the amendments the Republicans are absolutely united and the Democrats are not.

## POSTAGE REFORM.

THE reform in the manner of collecting the postage on newspapers and magazines, which came into operation on the 1st of January, is one of the most important, in a business point of view, which has ever been made by the American Post-office Department. Under the law passed at the last session of Congress, newspapers and periodicals are henceforth carried by weight, and the postage must be prepaid by the publisher or news agent who sends them through the mail. Though this change will impose for a while some loss upon publishers, it will be a very great convenience to subscribers, who will not hereafter be troubled with the payment of small sums for postage; nor will postmasters hereafter be troubled with a multitude of small accounts.

The main advantage is, however, that henceforth all postal matter will be prepaid; and the business of the Post-office Department will therefore be carried on on strictly business principles. This will undoubtedly effect a great saving in its management—so great, indeed, that it is not too much to hope that after some years, and when the effect of the new method is well ascertained, the postal rates even on letters may be lowered. Hitherto the unbusiness-like system of collecting postage on printed matter at the receiving offices has subjected the department to great losses. Now it will receive all its dues; and though the new rates are less than the old ones, there is every reason to believe that the receipts from printed matter will be much greater than ever before, while the convenience to the reading public is undoubted, and will be recognized every where.

Under its present vigorous and business-like management the Post-office Department is fast becoming a very perfectly managed machine. Its operations are constantly and necessarily more extended, and that in directions which increase the expense without increasing the revenues. Economy in all details and prepayment on all matter are the only means to enable the department to establish its affairs on a business basis, and the only way to make it soon a self-supporting branch of the government service.

Among recent improvements in postal arrangements, which show that the present Postmaster-General, Mr. JEWELL, is alive to the convenience and business interests of the public, may be mentioned the postal treaty with Canada, under which, after the 1st of February next, letters will pass under a three-cent stamp to all parts of the Dominion from any part of the United States. This is the first real step that has ever been taken toward making homogeneous the interests of the two countries.

Another is the agreement of the European Postal Conference, under which, after July 1, letters may be sent from any part of the United States to any part of Europe except France for six cents. To this must be added the possibility of sending postal cards without extra payment to Switzerland. The Postmaster-General is now in hopes, we hear, also of providing a weekly slow mail to England, in which letters may be sent for three cents from any part of the United States to any part of the British Islands.

A recent arrangement, by which the government sells postage-paid envelopes at a very low rate, is calculated to greatly increase the use of these instead of separate stamps, and thus to prevent the criminal washing of stamps, by which the government has annually lost a large sum.

The Post-office is a means of disseminating intelligence among the people. It is not carried on by the government as a source of revenue, and as it serves the loneliest settlers on our far-away plains and mountains as well as the citizen of the most crowded town, it must perform a great deal of service at a loss. Every economy which can be practiced without injury to the service is important, because it makes the department more surely self-supporting; and whenever the necessary service can be performed at a cheaper rate than now, the people may look for cheaper rates of postage both on their letters and reading matter.

## A DANGER TO BE AVOIDED.

THERE is no more important measure before Congress than that of which Senator MORTON has charge—the change in the method of electing the President and Vice-President. Under existing circumstances, it is possibly a question of civil war; for, by the joint rule of Congress, if either branch persists in its refusal to receive the electoral vote of a State, it must be rejected, and if enough are rejected to prevent a majority of the whole for either candidate, the election is thrown into the House. Thus in 1844 New York had thirty-six electoral votes, which were cast for POLK, and elected him. Had they been given to CLAY, he would have been elected. The majority claimed for POLK in the State was six thousand, but fraud was generally suspected, and in many cases proved. In Louisiana, at the same election, the Plaquemine frauds of JOHN SLIDELL gave the State to POLK by 970 majority. But Congress did not raise any question, and the five votes of Louisiana and the thirty-six of New York were counted for POLK. In 1876, however, the Senate will be Republican and the House Democratic. If the contest should be close, and the returns favor the election of a Republican, the House could reject States enough on various pretenses to draw the election into its own power, and make a Democrat President.

This is a chance that involves too much peril to be tolerated. Every man who thinks of it for a moment will see all the risks, and they are risks that can very easily be avoided. It is a question of method merely, and Mr. MORTON's proposed amendment will at least avoid this difficulty. There are defects of detail, such as the two Presidential votes at large in the States, for which there seems to be no sufficient reason. It is a kind of premium, which is useless. The substance of Mr. MORTON's plan, as reported last year, is the division of each State into as many districts as it has representatives, and the person having the highest number of votes in the district to receive its vote. The candidate who has the highest number of votes in the State is to have the two premium votes. Mr. MORTON's plan gives Congress power to establish tribunals to settle contested elections. This is a very simple plan, but does not provide for a really popular election, since the majority of the district is to decide who shall have its vote. Thus, if there were ten districts in a State, each with a thousand votes, and nine of

them should give ten majority for A, and one of them five hundred majority for B, A would receive nine out of the ten electoral votes, besides the two State votes, while B would have the highest number of votes in the State. Thus a minority election would be possible, as under the present plan.

Mr. WRIGHT, of Iowa, has an amendment pending providing for the direct election by the people, making the term of the Presidency and Vice-Presidency six years, with ineligibility for re-election. Congress will hardly care to enter at this session upon the debate of a single term, but it should consider no duty more imperative than a provision, such as Mr. MORTON'S bill contemplates, that Congress shall determine some reasonable method in which contests may be decided. Nothing could be worse than the existing plan, and it is monstrous that the peace of the country should be left to the mercy of so clumsy and foolish a device. It is only necessary to imagine the decision of a Presidential election depending upon the vote of Louisiana in her present situation to see with what calamity the country would be immediately confronted. We trust that there will be no delay, and that Mr. MORTON will urge his proposition vigorously.

## A WORD TO REPUBLICANS.

WE trust that the President and the Republican members of Congress will not make the fatal mistake of supposing that the Republican party can be united or its prestige restored by any desperate domestic or foreign policy. Undoubtedly the Democratic party will make the most of the unlawful conduct of KELLOGG in Louisiana, and the approval of it by the President and cabinet; but there is no intelligent Republican who does not see that the occasion has been furnished to them by Republicans. Meanwhile there is also no doubt that the White League is as hostile in spirit to the reconstructed Union as the old fire-eaters were, and that General SHERIDAN in describing anarchy does truthfully describe the condition of many parts of the Southern States.

But this does not justify a clearly unconstitutional action. It is the political distinction of the race to which we belong to know that liberty is secure only under the forms of law, and that when the form is destroyed or disregarded, liberty itself is mortally wounded. If the Republican majority in Congress would rescue the imperiled ascendency of the party, they can do it in no way so surely as by distinctly declaring their condemnation of every act that has not a clear constitutional sanction; and if the President, in the message which is announced as we go to press, does not show conclusively that the action in Louisiana was careful of every form of law, the existence and future prospect of the Republican party depend upon the prompt repudiation of that action by a Republican Congress.

It is because there is a general and deep conviction, which we elsewhere express, that a Democratic restoration would be a great national calamity—because there is a profound feeling that the political spirit of the dominant class in the Southern States is a dangerous and hateful spirit, and that it longs and prays for the success of the Democratic party, meaning to use that party now as it used it before the war— that intelligent and patriotic men see with dismay that the Administration is alienating its own friends, and giving aid and comfort to its enemies. Let Congress remember its immense responsibility, and promptly remove from the party the stain of a just imputation of a disregard of the constitutional safeguards of liberty.

## MORE SIGNS.

THOSE who are interested in studying the probable results of Democratic ascendency in this country will watch every sign with great attention. In Missouri a Democratic Senator is to be elected, and there are those who have seriously urged the return of Mr. SCHURZ, as if the fact that he is the ablest expounder of what a part of the Democratic party professes to profess gave him the least chance of an election. Those who suppose that in some inscrutable manner the Democratic party has become a party of reform and of patriotic administration may wisely consider these words from the Missouri *Democrat*:

"Democracy in this State is at heart in favor of repudiation as well as reaction, and hates SCHURZ the more bitterly because he not only opposes them, but will not stoop to any hiding of his convictions for the sake of any office. To every sensible man of either party in this State the fact has been known for a long time that Senator SCHURZ would have no more chance with a Democratic Legislature in Missouri than JEFF DAVIS would have with a Republican Legislature in Massachusetts. One thing the election will demonstrate, whatever else happens, namely, that Democracy in this State, when it feels strong enough to show its real character, is as irreconcilably hostile to all that moderate independent reform element which in other States it tries to cajole as it is to Republicanism of the most unlovely type. Senator SCHURZ denounces men like KELLOGG. But KELLOGG himself could be elected by Democrats of Missouri more easily than SCHURZ."

As the commander-in-chief of the White League in Louisiana says that its object is self-defense, defense against the aggressive and sanguinary colored people, another sign of the reviving spirit of the Democratic party may be seen in this extract from the Logan *Sentinel* in Kentucky. It is an unimportant paper, but the Democratic sentiment of the cross-roads in Kentucky is much better worth studying than that of the Manhattan Club in New York as a controlling influence upon party action:

"We will have a National Convention of all the States to revise and amend the Constitution of the United States, and there will be no niggers in that Convention. The Constitution as revised will be the Constitution as it was in 1860, except in the matter of slavery. State laws and State constitutions will be made to conform to the reformed Constitution; so will the Federal laws. We will have the niggers free, as they are, but no more. This will leave them on the footing of unnaturalized foreigners, and of our mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters. This is enough. More than that they have no right to, and more than that they never will get from us. That is what we propose to do with the niggers."

Meanwhile the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, one of the most devoted Democratic papers, says that upon a careful study of the party since the election it concludes that the Democratic want is a want of brains. It sees reaction every where, and not the promise of reform. Mr. EATON has been elected Senator in Connecticut; Messrs. VOORHEES and JERRY BLACK are the prominent Senatorial candidates in Indiana and Pennsylvania; in Missouri Mr. SCHURZ is thrown aside for candidates whose claim is that they were uncompromising rebels, not that they are faithful patriots; and FERNANDO WOOD is the probable Speaker of the Democratic House. Did the honest and disgusted Republicans who, hating BUTLER and Butlerism, voted the Democratic ticket, think that a reformed, economical, intelligent, and honorable administration of the government lay in that direction?

## LOUISIANA.

### GENERAL SHERIDAN'S REPORT.

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI,
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, *January* 8.

*To Hon. W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War, Washington:*

I HAVE the honor to submit the following brief report of affairs as they occurred here in the organization of the State Legislature of January 4, 1875. I was not in command of this military department until nine o'clock at night on the 4th inst., but I fully indorse and am willing to be held responsible for acts of the military as conservators of the public peace upon that day. During the few days in which I was in the city prior to the 4th of January the general topic of conversation was the scenes of bloodshed that were liable to occur on that day, and I repeatedly heard threats of assassinating the Governor, and regrets expressed that he was not killed on the 14th of September last; also threats of the assassination of Republican members of the House, in order to secure the election of a Democratic Speaker. I also know of the kidnaping by the banditti of Mr. COUSIN, one of the members elect of the Legislature.

In order to preserve peace, and to make the State-house safe for the peaceable assembling of the Legislature, General EMORY, upon the requisition of the Governor, stationed troops in the vicinity of the building. Owing to these precautions the Legislature assembled in the State-house without any disturbance of the peace. At 12 o'clock WILLIAM VIGERS, the Clerk of the last House of Representatives, proceeded to call the roll, as according to law he was empowered to do. One hundred and two legally returned members answered to their names. Of this number fifty-two were Republicans and fifty Democrats. Before entering the house Mr. L. A. WILTZ had been selected in caucus as the Democratic nominee for Speaker, and MICHAEL HAHN as the Republican nominee.

Mr. VIGERS had not finished announcing the result when one of the members, Mr. BILLIEU, of Lafourche, nominated Mr. L. A. WILTZ for temporary Speaker. Mr. VIGERS promptly declared the motion out of order at that time, when some one put the question, and amidst cheers on the Democratic side of the House, Mr. WILTZ dashed on to the rostrum, pushed aside Mr. VIGERS, seized the Speaker's chair and gavel, and declared himself Speaker. A protest against this arbitrary and unlawful proceeding was promptly made by members of the majority, but Mr. WILTZ paid no attention to these protests, and on motion from some one on the Democratic side of the House, it was declared that one TREZEVANT was nominated and elected Clerk of the House. Mr. TREZEVANT at once sprang forward and occupied the Clerk's chair amidst the wildest confusion over the whole house.

Mr. WILTZ then again, on another nomination from the Democratic side of the House, declared one FLOOD elected Sergeant-at-Arms, and ordered a certain number of assistants to be appointed. Instantly a large number of men throughout the hall, who had been admitted on various pretexts, such as reporters and members' friends and spectators, turned down the lapels of their coats, upon which were pinned blue ribbon badges, on which were printed in gold letters the words "Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms," and the Assembly was in the possession of the minority, and the White League of Louisiana had made good its threat of seizing the House, many of the assistant Sergeants-at-Arms being well known as captains of White League companies in this city.

Notwithstanding the suddenness of this movement, the leading Republican members had not failed to protest again and again against this revolutionary action of the minority, but all to no purpose, and many of the Republicans rose and left the House in a body, together with the clerk, Mr. VIGERS, who carried with him the original roll of the House as returned by the Secretary of State. The excitement was now very great, and the acting Speaker directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to prevent the egress or ingress of members or others, and several exciting scuffles, in which knives and pistols were drawn, took place, and for a few moments it seemed as if bloodshed would ensue.

At this juncture Mr. DUPRE, a Democratic member from Orleans Parish, moved that the military power of the general government be invoked to preserve the peace, and that a committee be appointed to wait on General DE TROBRIAND, the commanding officer of the United States troops stationed at the State-house, and request his assistance in clearing the lobby. The motion was adopted. A committee of five, of which Mr. DUPRE was made chairman, was sent to wait upon General DE TROBRIAND, and soon returned with that officer, who was accompanied by two of his staff officers.

As General DE TROBRIAND walked down to the Speaker's desk, loud applause burst from the Democratic side of the House. General DE TROBRIAND asked the acting Speaker if it was not possible for him to preserve order without appealing to him to preserve order as a United States army officer. Mr. WILTZ said it was not, whereupon the general proceeded to the lobby, and, addressing a few words to the excited crowd, peace was at once restored. On motion of Mr. DUPRE, Mr. WILTZ then, in the name of the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana, thanked General DE TROBRIAND for his interference in behalf of law and order, and the general withdrew.

The Republicans had now generally withdrawn from the hall, and united in signing a petition to the Governor, stating their grievances and asking his aid, which petition, signed by fifty-two legally returned members of the House, is in my possession.

Immediately subsequent to the action of Mr. WILTZ in ejecting the Clerk of the old House, Mr. BILLIEU moved that two gentlemen from the parish of De Soto, one from Winn, one from Bienville, and one from Iberia, who had not been returned by the Returning Board, be sworn in as members, and they were accordingly sworn in by Mr. WILTZ, and took their seats on the floor as members of the House. A motion was now made that the House proceed with its permanent organization, and accordingly the roll was called by Mr. TREZEVANT, the acting Clerk, and WILTZ was declared Speaker and TREZEVANT Clerk of the House.

Acting on the protest made by the majority of the House, the Governor now requested the commanding general of the department to aid him in restoring order, and enable the legally returned members of the House to proceed with its organization according to law. This request was reasonable, and in accordance with law. Remembering vividly the terrible massacres that took place in this city on the assembling of the Constitutional Convention in 1866, at the Mechanics' Institute, and believing that the lives of the members of the Legislature were, or would be, endangered in case an organization under the law was attempted, the posse was furnished, with the request that care should be taken that no member of the Legislature returned by the Returning Board should be ejected from the door.

This military posse performed its duty under directions from the Governor of the State, and removed from the floor of the House those persons who had been illegally seated, and who had no legal right to be there; whereupon the Democrats rose and left the House, and the remaining members proceeded to effect an organization under the State laws.

In all this turmoil, in which bloodshed was imminent, the military posse behaved with great discretion. When Mr. WILTZ, the usurping Speaker of the House, called for troops to prevent bloodshed, they were given him; when the Governor of the State called for a posse for the same purpose and to enforce the law, it was furnished also. Had this not been done, it is my firm belief that scenes of bloodshed would have ensued. (Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN,
Lieutenant-General.

## PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM A. HOVEY, who for several years past has been the principal editor of that able and popular journal, the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, has been engaged by the publishers of the Boston *Transcript* to fill the vacancy in the staff of that paper occasioned by the recent death of Mr. DANIEL N. HASKELL. Mr. HOVEY is well qualified for the duties of his new position. He is a gentleman of high literary culture, an elegant and ready writer, and his management of the *Commercial Bulletin* has shown that he knows how to "run a newspaper"—a combination of qualities quite rare even in the professional ranks of journalism. We congratulate the *Transcript* on having secured the services of an editor so well qualified to maintain the high reputation it achieved at the very outset of its long and popular career.

—Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS recently returned from an operatic tour in the West which was so successful that she will probably repeat it later in the winter. Wherever she appeared the houses were filled to overflowing, and in many instances crowds were turned away from the doors, unable even to find standing-room.

—Of Mrs. ROUSBY, the beautiful, cultured, and gifted English actress who recently made her *début* in New York at the Lyceum Theatre, the genial and appreciative critic of the *Tribune* says: "Now and then amidst many mechanicians a player arises whose quality, shining through all the routine method, gives it a soul of grace and sympathy. Mrs. ROUSBY is one of these; and as such she will win affectionate interest wherever she goes, without any where, probably, creating the disturbance of astonishment. It is not a comet that whirls into our skies, but it is the sweetest of evening stars." Mr. WINTER'S critical judgment is rarely at fault. On her first appearance, in TOM TAYLOR'S play, *'Twixt Axe and Crown*, Mrs. ROUSBY was called before the curtain six times by hearty and appreciative applause.

—Archbishop MANNING is said to have submitted to the Pope a scheme respecting the conduct of the Roman Catholic Church in England in its eventual struggle with the government.

—Colonel FORNEY has been to call on and lunch with the favorite Roman Catholic orator of London, Monsignor CAPEL, who lives in a beautiful mansion at Kensington, formerly owned by Mr. (Lord Dundreary) SOTHERN. It has the air of a comfortable student's retreat. Monsignor CAPEL is young, evidently not yet forty, of fine presence, handsome face and features, erect, tall, and stout. He soon put Colonel F. at ease, and talked on various topics with the utmost familiarity and freedom.

—Sir SAMUEL BAKER had the usual experience of Europeans in dealing with Oriental rulers. Employed by the Khedive of Egypt to command an expedition to Central Africa, ostensibly for the suppression of the slave-trade, he was thwarted by the intrigues of the slave-dealers, apparently with the connivance of the Egyptian government, and the expedition had no other result than the annexation of Central Africa to Egypt. The slave-trade was left in quite as flourishing a condition as before. In reply to certain newspaper comments on this unfortunate issue, Sir SAMUEL writes: "Whatever doubts may exist in the minds of the public concerning the Khedive's real object in annexing Central Africa, I trust the world will give *me* credit for having followed out one, and *only* one, idea. This was the suppression of the slave-trade. It was my determined hostility to this abominable traffic that caused all difficulties and opposition. Had I simply closed my eyes to the acts of the traders, they would have given me every assistance. I preferred their enmity to their friendship, as the latter would have been the worst compliment to myself." Sir SAMUEL'S course in this matter is amply vindicated in his interesting narrative of the expedition, recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS, under the title of *Ismailia*.

—It is understood that after his retirement from the Senate Mr. SCHURZ will devote himself to the writing of a political history of the United States, and for that purpose may spend one or two summers near New York, where he can have quick access to our large libraries. He has studied the subject for many years, so much so as to have led Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS to say of him, some years ago, that the man who best understood the political history of America was a German; while he has the scholarly acquirement and writing skill and mental impartiality necessary to do justice to the theme.

—Mr. NAST has done a large and noble thing in presenting to the Independent Hose Company of Morristown, New Jersey, one of his "flaming" cartoons, representing himself in the dress of a fireman belonging to another company (with which other company he "proceeds"), looking with curiosity at the name "Independent Hose" inscribed on a fire-hat, which is placed on top of a hydrant and surmounted with an eagle. All Morristown is in a rave about it, and they talk of the artist for Governor, and that sort of thing.

—Mr. SOTHERN recently officiated at the benefit of a stage-manager in Birmingham, England, and in a little speech on the occasion said: "He and I attacked the dramatic profession on the same night, some twenty years since, he as a prompter, I as the Ghost in *Hamlet*. He was then the very worst prompter I ever saw. After the performance, he gently and most kindly intimated to me that I was the most fearful actor he ever witnessed."

—Dr. HENRY C. POTTER, of this city, and Dr. HUNTINGTON, of Worcester, Massachusetts, having each declined the episcopate of Iowa, the name of Dr. SEYMOUR, of Dubuque, Iowa, is mentioned as a prominent candidate. The financial "call" to the see is not very large, the bishop's salary having been "put" at $2500. The Chicago *Tribune* is shockingly accurate in saying, "Bishops no longer wear leathern girdles, feed on locusts and wild honey, and cry out in the wilderness, for the way was long ago cleared, and those who now travel it ought not to be reduced to the necessities of the birds of the air and the foxes of the field." The Iowa bishopric is the poorest paid in the Episcopal Church. The Bishop of New York is compelled to wander over his agreeable wilderness at a salary of $11,000 and a good abode in Twenty-second Street. Yet even that is a small sum, considering the demands constantly made on his charity and hospitality.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS re-assembled after the holiday recess on the 5th inst. Most of the time was taken up during the week in the discussion of the Louisiana difficulty. Under this head Senator Thurman, on the 5th, introduced a resolution inquiring of the President if there had been military intervention and interference with the State Legislature, and if so, by what authority. In the House, on the 6th, Mr. Hale gave notice that on the 11th he would introduce a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to prepare a bill for a new election in Louisiana. Mr. Cox, in turn, gave notice that he would introduce a bill for the withdrawal of the military from that State. On the 7th, Mr. White, of Alabama, offered a resolution in the House, thanking the President for his action in the matter, and pledging to sustain his efforts. The resolution was not received. On the 8th the Senate adopted the following resolution: "That the President of the United States is hereby requested to inform the Senate, if not incompatible with the public interests, whether any portion of the army of the United States, or any officer or officers, soldier or soldiers, of such army, did in any manner interfere or intermeddle with, control or seek to control, the organization of the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana, or either of the branches thereof, on the 4th inst.; and especially whether any such person or persons claiming seats in either branch of said Legislature have been deprived thereof or prevented from taking the same by any such military force, officer, or soldier; and if such has been the case, then that the President inform the Senate under what circumstances and by what authority such military intervention and interference have taken place, and whether he has any information in regard to the existence in the State of Louisiana of an armed organization hostile to the government of the State, and intent upon overturning such State government by force." Mr. Butler, on the 8th, introduced a bill providing for a new election in Louisiana, to be held in May next.—The House, on the 7th inst., passed the Sherman Finance Bill for the resumption of specie payments, by a vote of 136 to 99. The majority was composed of 135 Republicans and 1 Liberal; the minority of 71 Democrats, 24 Republicans, and 3 Liberals.—The Naval Appropriation Bill, amounting to $16,000,000, was passed by the Senate on the 8th.

The navigation of the Hudson River between this city and Newburgh closed on the 4th inst.

The New York State Legislature organized on the 5th inst. Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer presided in the Senate, and Hon. Jeremiah Maguire was chosen Speaker of the House.

The Democrats of New Hampshire have nominated Hiram R. Roberts for Governor.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

ALL the great European powers have authorized their representatives at Madrid to enter into semi-official relations with the government of King Alfonso. The Pope has sent his benediction to the ex-Queen Isabella and her son.

Señor Castelar has resigned the Presidency of the Spanish Commission to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the Chancellorship of Public Instruction, and his university professorship.

President M'Mahon, in a message to the French Assembly on the 6th inst., urged the passage of the second Chamber and constitutional bills, and asked the Chamber to decide upon a definite government to succeed the Septennate. The Assembly refused to consider the bill to create a second Chamber before the constitutional bills. The ministry thereupon resigned, but the President refused to accept the resignations until he could form a cabinet out of the new majority in the Assembly.

DRAWING HIS SWORD FOR THE POLITICAL ROMAN CHURCH.—[SEE ARTICLE, "A PERIOD OF REACTION," ON PAGE 78.]

INFANT ALFONSO XII. (of Spain). "I ask your Blessing, and promise that I will, like my Ancestors, defend the Rights of the Holy See."

[This Story was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated October 10, 1874.]

# THE LAW AND THE LADY:

## A Novel.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

## Part II.—Paradise Regained.

### CHAPTER XXX.

THE INDICTMENT OF MRS. BEAULY.

I STARTED to my feet, and looked at Miserrimus Dexter. I was too much agitated to be able to speak to him.

My utmost expectations had not prepared me for the tone of absolute conviction in which he had spoken. At the best, I had anticipated that he might, by the barest chance, agree with me in suspecting Mrs. Beauly. And now his own lips had said it without hesitation or reserve! "There isn't the shadow of a doubt: Mrs. Beauly poisoned her."

"Sit down," he said, quietly. "There's nothing to be afraid of. Nobody can hear us in this room."

I sat down again, and recovered myself a little.

"Have you never told any one else what you have just told me?" was the first question that I put to him.

"Never. No one else suspected her."

"Not even the lawyers?"

"Not even the lawyers. There is no legal evidence against Mrs. Beauly. There is nothing but moral certainty."

"Surely you might have found the evidence, if you had tried?"

He laughed at the idea.

"Look at me!" he said. "How is a man to hunt up evidence who is tied to this chair? Besides, there were other difficulties in my way. I am not generally in the habit of needlessly betraying myself—I am a cautious man, though you may not have noticed it. But my immeasurable hatred of Mrs. Beauly was not to be concealed. If eyes can tell secrets, she must have discovered, in my eyes, that I hungered and thirsted to see her in the hangman's hands. From first to last, I tell you, Mrs. Borgia-Beauly was on her guard against me. Can I describe her cunning? All my resources of language are not equal to the task. Take the degrees of comparison to give you a faint idea of it. I am positively cunning; the devil is comparatively cunning; Mrs. Beauly is superlatively cunning. No! no! If she is ever discovered, at this distance of time, it will not be done by a man; it will be done by a woman—a woman whom she doesn't suspect, a woman who can watch her with the patience of a tigress in a state of starvation—"

"Say, a woman like Me!" I broke out. "I am ready to try."

His eyes glittered; his teeth showed themselves viciously under his mustache; he drummed fiercely with both hands on the arms of his chair.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked.

"Put me in your position," I answered—"enlighten me with your moral certainty (as you call it)—and you shall see!"

"I'll do it!" he said. "Tell me one thing first. How did an outside stranger, like you, come to suspect her?"

I set before him, to the best of my ability, the various elements of suspicion which I had collected from the evidence at the Trial; and I laid especial stress on the fact (sworn to by the nurse) that Mrs. Beauly was missing exactly at the time when Christina Ormsay had left Mrs. Eustace Macallan alone in her room.

"You have hit it!" cried Miserrimus Dexter. "You are a wonderful woman! What was she doing on the morning of the day when Mrs. Eustace Macallan died poisoned? And where was she during the dark hours of the night? I can tell you where she was *not:* she was not in her own room."

"Not in her own room?" I repeated. "Are you really sure of that?"

"I am sure of every thing that I say, when I am speaking of Mrs. Beauly. Mind that: and now listen! This is a drama; and I excel in dramatic narrative. You shall judge for yourself. Date, the twentieth of October. Scene, The Corridor, called The Guests' Corridor, at Gleninch. On one side, a row of windows looking out into the garden. On the other, a row of four bedrooms, with dressing-rooms attached. First bedroom (beginning from the staircase), occupied by Mrs. Beauly. Second bedroom, empty. Third bedroom, occupied by Miserrimus Dexter. Fourth bedroom, empty. So much for the Scene! The time comes next—the time is eleven at night. Dexter discovered in his bedroom, reading. Enter to him Eustace Macallan. Eustace speaks: 'My dear fellow, be particularly careful not to make any noise; don't bowl your chair up and down the corridor to-night.' Dexter inquires, 'Why?' Eustace answers: 'Mrs. Beauly has been dining with some friends in Edinburgh, and has come back terribly fatigued: she has gone up to her room to rest.' Dexter makes another inquiry (satirical inquiry, this time): 'How does she look when she is terribly fatigued? As beautiful as ever?' Answer: 'I don't know; I have not seen her; she slipped up stairs without speaking to any body.' Third inquiry by Dexter (logical inquiry, on this occasion): 'If she spoke to nobody, how do you know she is fatigued?' Eustace hands me a morsel of paper, and answers: 'Don't be a fool. I found this on the hall table. Remember what I have told you about keeping quiet. Good-night.' Eustace retires. Dexter looks at the paper and reads these lines in pencil: 'Just returned. Please forgive me for going to bed without saying good-night. I have overexerted myself; I am dreadfully fatigued. [Signed] Helena.' Dexter is by nature suspicious; Dexter suspects Mrs. Beauly. Never mind his reasons; there is no time to enter into his reasons now. He puts the case to himself thus: 'A weary woman would never have given herself the trouble to write this. She would have found it much less fatiguing to knock at the drawing-room door as she passed, and to make her apologies by word of mouth. I see something here out of the ordinary way; I shall make a night of it in my chair.' Very good. Dexter proceeds to make a night of it. He opens his door, wheels himself softly into the corridor, locks the doors of the two empty bedrooms, and returns (with the keys in his pocket) to his own room. 'Now,' says D. to himself, 'if I hear a door softly opened in this part of the house, I shall know for certain it is Mrs. Beauly's door.' Upon that he closes his own door, leaving the tiniest little chink to look through, puts out his light, and waits and watches at his tiny little chink like a cat at a mouse-hole. The corridor is the only place he wants to see, and a lamp burns there all night. Twelve o'clock strikes; he hears the doors below bolted and locked, and nothing happens. Half past twelve—and nothing still. The house is as silent as the grave. One o'clock, two o'clock—same silence. Half past two—and something happens at last. Dexter hears a sound close by, in the corridor. It is the sound of a handle turning very softly in a door—in the only door that can be opened, the door of Mrs. Beauly's room. Dexter drops noiselessly from his chair on to his hands, lies flat on the floor at his chink, and listens. He hears the handle closed again; he sees a dark object flit by him; he pops his head out of his door, down on the floor, where nobody would think of looking for him. And what does he see? Mrs. Beauly! There she goes, with the long brown cloak over her shoulders which she wears when she is driving, floating behind her. In a moment more she disappears, past the fourth bedroom, and turns, at a right angle, into a second corridor, called The South Corridor. What rooms are in The South Corridor? There are three rooms. First room, the little study, mentioned in the nurse's evidence. Second room, Mrs. Eustace Macallan's bed-chamber. Third room, her husband's bed-chamber. What does Mrs. Beauly (supposed to be worn out by fatigue) want in that part of the house at half past two in the morning? Dexter decides on running his risk of being seen, and sets forth on a voyage of discovery. Do you know how he gets from place to place without his chair? Have you seen the poor deformed creature hop on his hands? Shall he show you how he does it, before he goes on with his story?"

I hastened to stop the proposed exhibition.

"I saw you hop last night," I said. "Go on! pray go on with your story!"

"Do you like my dramatic style of narrative?" he asked. "Am I interesting?"

"Indescribably interesting, Mr. Dexter. I am eager to hear more."

He smiled in high approval of his own abilities.

"I am equally good at the autobiographical style," he said. "Shall we try that next, by way of variety?"

"Any thing you like," I cried, losing all patience with him, "if you will only go on!"

"Part Two; Autobiographical Style," he announced, with a wave of his hand. "I hopped along The Guests' Corridor, and turned into The South Corridor. I stopped at the little study. Door open; nobody there. I crossed the study to the second door, communicating with Mrs. Macallan's bed-chamber. Locked! I looked through the key-hole. Was there something hanging over it, on the other side? I can't say—I only know there was nothing to be seen, but blank darkness. I listened. Nothing to be heard. Same blank darkness, same absolute silence, inside the locked second door of Mrs. Eustace's room, opening on the corridor. I went on to her husband's bed-chamber. I had the worst possible opinion of Mrs. Beauly—I should not have been in the least surprised if I had caught her in Eustace's room. I looked through the key-hole. In this case the key was out of it, or was turned the right way for me, I don't know which. Eustace's bed was opposite the door. No discovery. I could see him, all by himself, innocently asleep. I reflected a little. The back staircase was at the end of the corridor, beyond me. I slid down the stairs, and looked about me on the lower floor, by the light of the night-lamp. Doors all fast locked, and keys outside, so that I could try them myself. House door barred and bolted. Door leading into the servants' offices barred and bolted. I got back into my own room, and thought it out quietly. Where could she be? Certainly *in* the house, somewhere. Where? I had made sure of the other rooms; the field of search was exhausted. She could only be in Mrs. Macallan's room—the *one* room which had baffled my investigations; the *only* room which had not lent itself to examination. Add to this, that the key of the door in the study, communicating with Mrs. Macallan's room, was stated in the nurse's evidence to be missing; and don't forget that the dearest object of Mrs. Beauly's life (on the showing of her own letter, read at the Trial) was to be Eustace Macallan's happy wife. Put these things together in your own mind, and you will know what my thoughts were, as I sat waiting for events in my chair, without my telling you. Toward four o'clock, strong as I am, fatigue got the better of me. I fell asleep. Not for long. I woke with a start and looked at my watch. Twenty-five minutes past four. Had she got back to her room while I was asleep? I hopped to her door and listened. Not a sound. I softly opened the door. The room was empty. I went back again to my own room to wait and watch. It was hard work to keep my eyes open. I drew up the window to let the cool air refresh

"HIS DEFORMED BODY POISED ON THE OVERTHROWN CHAIR, HIS FACE LIFTED IN RAPTURE TO SOME FANTASTIC HEAVEN OF HIS OWN MAKING."

me; I fought hard with exhausted nature, and exhausted nature won. I fell asleep again. This time it was eight in the morning when I woke. I have goodish ears, as you may have noticed. I heard women's voices talking under my open window. I peeped out. Mrs. Beauly and her maid, in close confabulation! Mrs. Beauly and her maid, looking guiltily about them to make sure that they were neither seen nor heard! 'Take care, ma'am,' I heard the maid say; 'that horrid deformed monster is as sly as a fox. Mind he doesn't discover you.' Mrs. Beauly answered, 'You go first, and look out in front; I will follow you, and make sure there is nobody behind us.' With that they disappeared round the corner of the house. In five minutes more I heard the door of Mrs. Beauly's room softly opened and closed again. Three hours later, the nurse met her in the corridor, innocently on her way to make inquiries at Mrs. Eustace Macallan's door. What do you think of these circumstances? What do you think of Mrs. Beauly and her maid having something to say to each other which they didn't dare say in the house—for fear of my being behind some door listening to them? What do you think of these discoveries of mine being made on the very morning when Mrs. Eustace was taken ill—on the very day when she died by a poisoner's hand? Do you see your way to the guilty person? And has mad Miserrimus Dexter been of some assistance to you, so far?"

I was too violently excited to answer him. The way to the vindication of my husband's innocence was opened to me at last!

"Where is she?" I cried. "And where is that servant who is in her confidence?"

"I can't tell you," he said. "I don't know."

"Where can I inquire? Can you tell me that?"

He considered a little.

"There is one man who must know where she is—or who could find it out for you," he said.

"Who is he? What is his name?"

"He is a friend of Eustace's. Major Fitz-David."

"I know him! I am going to dine with him next week. He has asked you to dine too."

Miserrimus Dexter laughed contemptuously.

"Major Fitz-David may do very well for the ladies," he said. "The ladies can treat him as a species of elderly human lap-dog. I don't dine with lap-dogs; I have said, No. You go. He, or some of his ladies, may be of use to you. Who are the guests? Did he tell you?"

"There was a French lady whose name I forget," I said, "and Lady Clarinda—"

"That will do! She is a friend of Mrs. Beauly's. She is sure to know where Mrs. Beauly is. Come to me the moment you have got your information. Find out if the maid is with her: she is the easiest to deal with of the two. Only make the maid open her lips, and we have got Mrs. Beauly. We crush her," he cried, bringing his hand down like lightning on the last languid fly of the season, crawling over the arm of his chair—"we crush her as I crush this fly. Stop! A question—a most important question in dealing with the maid. Have you got any money?"

"Plenty of money."

He snapped his fingers joyously.

"The maid is ours!" he cried. "It's a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence with the maid. Wait! Another question. About your name. If you approach Mrs. Beauly in your own character as Eustace's wife, you approach her as the woman who has taken her place—you make a mortal enemy of her at starting. Beware of that!"

My jealousy of Mrs. Beauly, smouldering in me all through the interview, burst into flame at those words. I could resist it no longer—I was obliged to ask him if my husband had ever loved her.

"Tell me the truth," I said. "Did Eustace really—"

He burst out laughing maliciously, he penetrated my jealousy, and guessed my question almost before it had passed my lips.

"Yes," he said, "Eustace did really love her, and no mistake about it. She had every reason to believe (before the Trial) that the wife's death would put her in the wife's place. But the Trial made another man of Eustace. Mrs. Beauly had been a witness of the public degradation of him. That was enough to prevent his marrying Mrs. Beauly. He broke off with her at once and forever—for the same reason precisely which has led him to separate himself from you. Existence with a woman who knew that he had been tried for his life as a murderer was an existence that he was not hero enough to face. You wanted the truth. There it is! You have need to be cautious of Mrs. Beauly—you have no need to be jealous of her. Take the safe course. Arrange with the major, when you meet Lady Clarinda at his dinner, that you meet her under an assumed name."

"I can go to the dinner," I said, "under the name in which Eustace married me. I can go as 'Mrs. Woodville.'"

"The very thing!" he exclaimed. "What would I not give to be present when Lady Clarinda introduces you to Mrs. Beauly! Think of the situation. A woman with a hideous secret hidden in her inmost soul: and another woman who knows of it—another woman who is bent, by fair means or foul, on dragging that secret into the light of day. What a struggle! What a plot for a novel! I am in a fever when I think of it. I am beside myself when I look into the future, and see Mrs. Borgia-Beauly brought to her knees at last. Don't be alarmed!" he cried, with the wild light flashing once more in his eyes. "My brains are beginning to boil again in my head. I must take refuge in physical exercise. I must blow off the steam, or I shall explode in my pink jacket on the spot!"

The old madness seized on him again. I made for the door, to secure my retreat in case of necessity, and then ventured to look round at him.

He was off on his furious wheels—half man, half chair—flying like a whirlwind to the other end of the room. Even this exercise was not violent enough for him in his present mood. In an instant he was down on the floor, poised on his hands, and looking in the distance like a monstrous frog. Hopping down the room, he overthrew, one after another, all the smaller and lighter chairs as he passed them. Arrived at the end, he turned, surveyed the prostrate chairs, encouraged himself with a scream of triumph, and leaped rapidly over chair after chair on his hands—his limbless body now thrown back from the shoulders, and now thrown forward to keep the balance, in a manner at once wonderful and horrible to behold. "Dexter's Leap-Frog!" he cried, cheerfully, perching himself with his bird-like lightness on the last of the prostrate chairs, when he had reached the farther end of the room. "I'm pretty active, Mrs. Valeria, considering I'm a cripple. Let us drink to the hanging of Mrs. Beauly, in another bottle of Burgundy!"

I seized desperately on the first excuse that occurred to me for getting away from him.

"You forget," I said—"I must go at once to the major. If I don't warn him in time, he may speak of me to Lady Clarinda by the wrong name."

Ideas of hurry and movement were just the ideas to take his fancy in his present state. He blew furiously on the whistle that summoned Ariel from the kitchen regions, and danced up and down on his hands in the full frenzy of his delight.

"Ariel shall get you a cab!" he cried. "Drive at a gallop to the major's. Set the trap for her without losing a moment. Oh, what a day of days this has been! Oh, what a relief to get rid of my dreadful secret, and share it with you! I am suffocating with happiness; I am like the Spirit of the Earth in Shelley's poem. He broke out with the magnificent lines in *Prometheus Unbound*, in which the Earth feels the Spirit of Love, and bursts into speech. 'The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness! The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness, The vaporous exultation not to be confined! Ha! ha! the animation of delight, Which wraps me like an atmosphere of light, And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind.' That's how I feel, Mrs. Valeria! that's how I feel!"

I crossed the threshold while he was still speaking. The last I saw of him he was pouring out that glorious flood of words—his deformed body poised on the overthrown chair, his face lifted in rapture to some fantastic Heaven of his own making. I slipped out softly into the antechamber. Even as I crossed the room he changed once more. I heard his ringing cry; I heard the soft thump-thump of his hands on the floor. He was going down the room again in "Dexter's Leap-Frog," flying over the prostrate chairs!

In the hall Ariel was on the watch for me.

As I approached her I happened to be putting on my gloves. She stopped me, and taking my right arm, lifted my hand toward her face. Was she going to kiss it? or to bite it? Neither. She smelled it like a dog, and dropped it again with a hoarse chuckling laugh.

"You don't smell of his perfumes," she said. "You *haven't* touched his beard. *Now* I believe you. Want a cab?"

"Thank you. I'll walk till I meet a cab."

She was bent on being polite to me, now I had *not* touched his beard.

"I say!" she burst out, in her deepest notes.

"Yes?"

"I'm glad I didn't upset you in the canal. There now!"

She gave me a friendly smack on the shoulder which nearly knocked me down, relapsed, the instant after, into her leaden stolidity of look and manner, and led the way out by the front-door. I heard her coarse chuckling laugh as she locked the gate behind me. My star was at last in the ascendant! In one and the same day I had found my way into the confidence of Ariel and Ariel's master!

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE DEFENSE OF MRS. BEAULY.

THE days that elapsed before Major Fitz-David's dinner party were precious days to me.

My long interview with Miserrimus Dexter had disturbed me far more seriously than I suspected at the time. It was not until some hours after I had left him that I really began to feel how my nerves had been tried by all that I had seen and heard during my visit at his house. I started at the slightest noises; I dreamed of dreadful things; I was ready to cry without reason, at one moment, and to fly into a passion without reason, at another. Absolute rest was what I wanted, and (thanks to my good Benjamin) was what I got. The dear old man controlled his anxieties on my account, and spared me the questions which his fatherly interest in my welfare made him eager to ask. It was tacitly understood between us that all conversation on the subject of my visit to Miserrimus Dexter (of which, it is needless to say, he strongly disapproved) should be deferred until repose had restored my energies of body and mind. I saw no visitors. Mrs. Macallan came to the cottage, and Major Fitz-David came to the cottage—one of them to hear what had passed between Miserrimus Dexter and myself, the other to amuse me with the latest gossip about the guests of the forth-coming dinner. Benjamin took it on himself to make my apologies, and to spare me the exertion of receiving my visitors. We hired a little open carriage, and took long drives in the pretty country lanes, still left flourishing within a few miles of the northern suburb of London. At home, we sat and talked quietly of old times, or played at backgammon and dominoes, and so for a few happy days led the peaceful, unadventurous life which was good for me. When the day of the dinner arrived I felt restored to my customary health. I was ready again, and eager again, for the introduction to Lady Clarinda, and the discovery of Mrs. Beauly.

Benjamin looked a little sadly at my flushed face, as we drove to Major Fitz-David's house.

"Ah, my dear," he said, in his simple way, "I see you are well again! You have had enough of our quiet life already."

My recollection of events and persons, in general, at the dinner party is singularly indistinct. I remember that we were very merry, and as easy and familiar with one another as if we had been old friends. I remember that Madame Mirliflore was unapproachably superior to the other women present in the perfect beauty of her dress, and in the ample justice which she did to the luxurious dinner set before us. I remember the major's young prima donna, more round-eyed, more overdressed, more shrill and strident as the coming "Queen of Song," than ever. I remember the major himself, always kissing our hands, always luring us to indulge in dainty dishes and drinks, always making love, always detecting resemblances between us, always "under the charm," and never once out of his character as elderly Don Juan from the beginning of the evening to the end. I remember dear old Benjamin completely bewildered, shrinking into corners, blushing when he was personally drawn into the conversation, frightened at Madame Mirliflore, bashful with Lady Clarinda, submissive to the major, suffering under the music, and, from the bottom of his honest old heart, wishing himself home again. And there, as to the members of that cheerful little gathering, my memory finds its limits—with one exception. The appearance of Lady Clarinda is as present to me as if I had met her yesterday; and of the memorable conversation which we two held together privately, toward the close of the evening, it is no exaggeration to say that I can still call to mind almost every word.

I see her dress, I hear her voice again, while I write.

She was attired, I remember, with that extreme assumption of simplicity which always defeats its own end by irresistibly suggesting art. She wore plain white muslin over white silk, without trimming or ornament of any kind. Her rich brown hair, dressed in defiance of the prevailing fashion, was thrown back from her forehead, and gathered into a simple knot behind, without adornment of any sort. A little white ribbon encircled her neck, fastened by the only article of jewelry that she wore—a tiny diamond brooch. She was unquestionably handsome, but her beauty was of the somewhat hard and angular type which is so often seen in English women of her race: the nose and chin too prominent and too firmly shaped, the well-opened gray eyes full of spirit and dignity, but wanting in tenderness and mobility of expression. Her manner had all the charm which fine breeding can confer—exquisitely polite, easily cordial; showing that perfect yet unobtrusive confidence in herself which (in England) seems to be the natural outgrowth of pre-eminent social rank. If you had accepted her for what she was on the surface, you would have said, Here is the model of a noblewoman who is perfectly free from pride. And if you had taken a liberty with her on the strength of that conviction, she would have made you remember it to the end of your life.

We got on together admirably. I was introduced as "Mrs. Woodville," by previous arrangement with the major—effected through Benjamin. Before the dinner was over we had promised to exchange visits. Nothing but the opportunity was wanting to lead Lady Clarinda into talking, as I wanted her to talk, of Mrs. Beauly.

Late in the evening the opportunity came.

I had taken refuge, from the terrible bravura singing of the major's strident prima donna, in the back drawing-room. As I had hoped and anticipated, after a while Lady Clarinda (missing me from the group round the piano) came in search of me. She seated herself by my side, out of sight and out of hearing of our friends in the front-room; and, to my infinite relief and delight, touched on the subject of Miserrimus Dexter of her own accord. Something I had said of him, when his name had been accidentally mentioned at dinner, remained in her memory, and led us, by perfectly natural gradations, into speaking of Mrs. Beauly. "At last," I thought to myself, "the major's little dinner will bring me my reward!"

And what a reward it was, when it came! My heart sinks in me again—as it sank on that never-to-be-forgotten evening—while I sit at my desk thinking of it.

"So Dexter really spoke to you of Mrs. Beauly!" exclaimed Lady Clarinda. "You have no idea how you surprise me."

"May I ask why?"

"He hates her! The last time I saw him he wouldn't allow me to mention her name. It is one of his innumerable oddities. If any such feeling as sympathy is a possible feeling in such a nature as his, he ought to like Helena Beauly. She is the most completely unconventional person I know. When she does break out, poor dear, she says things and does things which are almost reckless enough to be worthy of Dexter himself. I wonder whether you would like her?"

"You have kindly asked me to visit you, Lady Clarinda. Perhaps I may meet her at your house?"

Lady Clarinda laughed as if the idea amused her.

"I hope you will not wait until *that* is likely to happen," she said. "Helena's last whim is to fancy that she has got—the gout, of all the maladies in the world! She is away at some wonderful baths in Hungary or Bohemia (I don't remember which)—and where she will go or what she will do next it is perfectly impossible to say. Dear Mrs. Woodville! is the heat of the fire too much for you? You are looking quite pale."

I *felt* that I was looking pale. The discovery of Mrs. Beauly's absence from England was a shock for which I was quite unprepared. For the moment, it unnerved me.

"Shall we go into the other room?" asked Lady Clarinda.

To go into the other room would be to drop the conversation. I was determined not to let that catastrophe happen. It was just possible that Mrs. Beauly's maid might have quitted her service, or might have been left behind in England. My information would not be complete until I knew what had become of the maid. I pushed my chair back a little from the fire-place, and took a hand-screen from a table near me. It might be made useful in hiding my face if any more disappointments were in store for me.

"Thank you, Lady Clarinda: I was only a little too near the fire. I shall do admirably here. You surprise me about Mrs. Beauly. From what Mr. Dexter said to me, I had imagined—"

"Oh, you must not believe any thing Dexter tells you," interposed Lady Clarinda. "He delights in mystifying people, and he purposely misled you, I have no doubt. If all that I hear is true, *he* ought to know more of Helena Beauly's strange freaks and fancies than most people. He all but discovered her in one of her adventures (down in Scotland), which reminds me of the story in Auber's charming opera—what is it called? I shall forget my own name next! I mean the opera in which the two nuns slip out of the convent and go to the ball. Listen! how very odd! That vulgar girl is singing the castanet song in the second act at this moment. Major, what opera is the young lady singing from?"

The major was scandalized at the interruption. He bustled into the back-room—whispered, "Hush! hush! my dear lady; the *Domino Noir*"—and bustled back again to the piano.

"Of course!" said Lady Clarinda. "How stupid of me! The *Domino Noir*. And how strange that you should forget it too!"

I had remembered it perfectly; but I could not trust myself to speak. If, as I believed, the "adventure" mentioned by Lady Clarinda was connected in some way with Mrs. Beauly's mysterious proceedings on the morning of the twenty-first of October, I was on the brink of the very discovery which it was the one interest of my life to make! I held the screen so as to hide my face, and I said, in the steadiest voice that I could command at the moment,

"Pray go on! pray tell me what the adventure was!"

Lady Clarinda was quite flattered by my eager desire to hear the coming narrative.

"I hope my story will be worthy of the interest which you are so good as to feel in it," she said. "If you only knew Helena—it is *so* like her! I have it, you must know, from her maid. She has taken a woman who speaks foreign languages with her to Hungary, and she has left the maid with me. A perfect treasure! I should only be too glad if I could keep her in my service: she has but one defect, a name I hate—Phœbe. Well! Phœbe and her mistress were staying at a place near Edinburgh, called (I think) Gleninch. The house belonged to that Mr. Macallan who was afterward tried—you remember it, of course?—for poisoning his wife. A dreadful case; but don't be alarmed: my story has nothing to do with it; my story has to do with Helena Beauly. One evening (while she was staying at Gleninch) she was engaged to dine with some English friends visiting Edinburgh. The same night—also in Edinburgh—there was a masked ball, given by somebody whose name I forget. The ball (almost an unparalleled event in Scotland) was reported to be not at all a reputable affair. All sorts of amusing people were to be there—ladies of doubtful virtue, you know, and gentlemen on the outlying limits of society, and so on. Helena's friends had contrived to get cards, and were going, in spite of the objections—in the strictest incognito, of course, trusting to their masks. And Helena herself was bent on going with them, if she could only manage it without being discovered at Gleninch. Mr. Macallan was one of the strait-laced people who disapproved of the ball. No lady, he said, could show herself at such an entertainment without compromising her reputation. What stuff! Well, Helena, in one of her wildest moments, hit on a way of going to the ball without discovery, which was really as ingenious as a plot in a French play. She went to the dinner in the carriage from Gleninch, having sent Phœbe to Edinburgh before her. It was not a grand dinner—a little friendly gathering; no evening dress. When the time came for going back to Gleninch, what do you think Helena did? She sent her maid back in the carriage, instead of herself! Phœbe was dressed in her mistress's cloak and bonnet and veil. She was instructed to run up stairs the moment she got to the house, leaving on the hall table a little note of apology (written by Helena, of course), pleading fatigue as an excuse for not saying good-night to her host. The mistress and the maid were about the same height, and the servants naturally never discovered the trick. Phœbe got up to her mistress's room, safely enough. There, her instructions were to wait until the house was quiet for the night, and then to steal up to her own room. While she was waiting, the girl fell asleep. She only woke at two in the morning, or later. It didn't much matter, as she thought. She stole out on tiptoe, and closed the door behind her.

Before she was at the end of the corridor, she fancied she heard something. She waited till she was safe on the upper story, and then she looked over the balusters. There was Dexter—so like him!—hopping about on his hands (did you ever see it? the most grotesquely horrible exhibition you can imagine!)—there was Dexter, hopping about and looking through key-holes, evidently in search of the person who had left her room at two in the morning, and no doubt taking Phœbe for her mistress, seeing that she had forgotten to take her mistress's cloak off her shoulders. The next morning early, Helena came back in a hired carriage from Edinburgh, with a hat and mantle borrowed from her English friends. She left the carriage in the road, and got into the house by way of the garden—without being discovered, this time, by Dexter or by any body. Clever and daring, wasn't it? And, as I said just now, quite a new version of the *Domino Noir*. You will wonder, as I did, how it was that Dexter didn't make mischief in the morning. He would have done it, no doubt. But even *he* was silenced (as Phœbe told me) by the dreadful event that happened in the house on the same day.—My dear Mrs. Woodville! the heat of this room is certainly too much for you. Take my smelling-bottle. Let me open the window."

I was just able to answer, "Pray say nothing! Let me slip out into the open air."

I made my way unobserved to the landing, and sat down on the stairs to compose myself, where nobody could see me. In a moment more I felt a hand laid gently on my shoulder, and discovered good Benjamin looking at me in dismay. Lady Clarinda had considerately spoken to him, and had assisted him in quietly making his retreat from the room, while his host's attention was still absorbed by the music.

"My dear child!" he whispered, "what is the matter?"

"Take me home, and I will tell you," was all that I could say.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE ILL NATURE OF WIT.

ALMOST all national caricatures abound with ill nature. The Yankee known to the English in pictures is a thin gentleman, tufted like a goat as to his chin, with a hooked nose and sharp visage, and a somewhat Jewish expression. His trowsers are striped, like his flag, and in the old days he had a slave-driver's whip in his hand and a bowie-knife or revolver stuck in his belt. John Bull is known to us as a fat, stupid farmer in boots and short breeches, with an enormous stomach, and a countenance expressive of stolid indifference or cruelty, as the case may be. We can afford to laugh at these international compliments. The wit (?) is not of the very highest order. It depends for its success on rendering one's opponent ridiculous, and we have said sufficient to show that it is based on ill nature. We have before us a number of *L'Illustration*, a French newspaper, published just before the French invading army attempted to cross the Rhine on its way to Berlin. There is the same spirit in the designs. French soldiers are beating dull and clumsy looking Germans, driving before them twice their number, and capturing beautiful German ladies, while their stupid and cowardly opponents look on. Perhaps it would have been better to wait for the event before thus comically illustrating it.

When Lord Byron was once riding with Captain Trelawney, who still survives him, the poet asked his friend which was the ruling passion or feeling in the human breast; on which the captain suggested several, such as ambition, love, power, love of praise, etc. "No," said Byron, sententiously, "it is none of these. It is malignity." A worse character could not have been given of humanity by the devil himself; but happily it is only partially true. We leave to those who believe in the heavenly inspiration of genius to reconcile, after eighteen hundred years of Christian sacrifices and noble deeds, the gospel preached in the Sermon on the Mount and the gospel of malignity in the words and too many of the works of Lord Byron. But here again is the savagery of wit. It existed in Homer's time, no doubt. Thersites is a true character, drawn from the life. It was common with Ben Jonson and his contemporaries—though happily our gentle Shakspeare gives no note of it—and it burst into full flame in the days of Pope. The ill nature of some of the wits of his day, the low, scurrilous, cruel pictures of poverty, old age, sorrow, want, and disease to be found in poems, in repartees, and on the stage, are somewhat astounding. As for Pope himself, he abounded in such license. To praise his patrons and to give his friends every virtue under heaven, and to attribute the meanest crimes and lowest vices to his antagonists, seemed to be his rule. True wit, unless it is satire, should never wound at all, but those of the school of ill nature forget this, as witness this thrust. "You know," said Albert Smith, a fellow-contributor to *Punch*, wanting to conciliate Douglas Jerrold, "we row in the same boat." "Ay, ay," rejoined Jerrold—"in the same boat, but not with the same sculls." Such self-assertion may be witty, but it is ill-natured; so, too, is the wit's taking one poor butt, who was reading an obscure poem to another, the author of the book, and saying, "Here, Mr. Dash, behold your public!" "He might just as well," says an able critic, "have knocked their two heads together;" it would certainly have been less rude. In worse taste than this are many stories told of such wits; and quiet people are tempted to exclaim, "If such be the conversation of literary men, let me keep aloof." Friend or foe, it is the same to these trenchant whipsters who study to say sharp things. One stout gentleman, at a tavern dinner, confides to Jerrold that he "does love calf's head dearly." "Egotism!" cries Jerrold. Another favors a soup which he recommends. "What is it?" asks the wit. "Calf's tail." "Ah, I see," is the response, with a meaning nod, as his friend swallows a spoonful—"extremes meet."

All this no doubt illustrates the French proverb that "a good wit has a bad heart;" at any rate it shows that toward each other wits are not only enviously inclined, but each, wishing to shihe, is very careless of what he says, whether it wounds or not. The better breeding of French wits and the better education of French men of letters have prevented them at least from exhibiting the raw rudeness and too often brutal cruelty of the English jester, of which we can hardly print the worse and grosser instances. In France, too, there is a wholesome dread of the duel which men of letters even now permit.

Even the wits among the women have been as cruel as the men. An authoress in pursuit of reputation would, like Tullia, drive over her father's corpse. Madame De Sévigné writes not only with witty delight on the writhings of Huguenot hangings and Protestant massacres, but she tells a not handsome gentleman that he "abuses the privilege which men have of being ugly"—words very witty but very rude; and when Madame De Staël is seated at dinner by the side of a distinguished nobleman, who on his other side has a beautiful Englishwoman, she replies with rudeness to his compliment. "How happy am I," he says, "seated between Genius and Beauty!" "Ah," responds Madame De Staël, "and without possessing either!" The gentleman was no doubt silenced for the evening.

When one recalls these utterances and a thousand others, one is constrained to own that, like many other gifts, wit, talent, cleverness of repartee, or what is called brilliancy of parts, is a very dangerous gift. Can we wonder at the unhappy lives and early deaths of authors if they let their wicked wit wound others, and are themselves filled with envy and with a fatal desire to excel?

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

KERGUELEN ISLAND, which was one of the stations appointed for observing the transit of Venus, has some remarkable features. The soil itself is tertile, the surface varied, there are numerous streams, and the sun seems sufficiently powerful to vivify the vegetable world. Yet certain ameliorating influences are lacking, so that Kerguelen is an uncongenial place for both men and plants. Eighteen flowering plants have been found on the island, but not even the smallest wood-producing shrub. The character of the flora is thoroughly antarctic, but why it is so meagre it is hard to say, for the climate is by no means rigorous. There are records of travelers who, during a visit which extended over two midwinter months, found the thermometer rarely fall below the freezing-point, and the snow seldom remained more than two or three days after it fell on the lower grounds. It has been supposed that the flora of Kerguelen Land has been violently destroyed, within comparatively recent times, by volcanic action or some sudden change of climate, and there is no source from which it might easily have been restored. The excess of mist and moisture, and the comparative lack of summer heat, probably are the chief causes why so few plants grow and propagate there. At a time when summer ought to have been at its height on Kerguelen Land, it is recorded by visitors who remained there three weeks that the average maximum temperature was 49° Fahrenheit, the average minimum 40.5°, and the general mean 45° Fahrenheit.

Many notable men and women have died during the year, whose record is now forever closed. Statesmen and politicians, clergymen, journalists, artists, and actors, musicians, and great writers and thinkers, have passed away. Among these are the lamented Charles Sumner, Guizot, Michelet, Jules Janin, Barry Cornwall, Agnes Strickland, Shirley Brooks, Charles Astor Bristed, Strauss, and a host of others well known in literature; Kaulbach and Foley among the artists; Parepa-Rosa, in the midst of her brilliant career; Bishops Whitehouse and Lee, ex-Chief Justice Perley, Ezra Cornell, Millard Fillmore, Gail Borden, Gerrit Smith, Mayor Havemeyer, Pierre Blot, Owen Jones, the eminent English architect—these are but a few of the names that rise before the mental vision as we look back upon 1874.

A Bartlett pear-tree, belonging to a gentleman of Hartford, Connecticut, is a sort of thermometer in its way. On one side of the tree is a crack or seam, extending from the ground to a height of about six feet. In summer this seam closes tightly; but in winter it opens, varying according to the temperature. One morning recently, when the thermometer marked zero, the crevice opened half an inch; but this space became less when the weather moderated. In extreme cold weather it will open an inch.

One little girl has set a commendable example. We clip her letter from the New York *Tribune*:

A LITTLE GIRL'S NEW-YEAR'S PRESENT.

*To the Editor of the Tribune:*

SIR,—I Send You $1 which I have taken from the Pennies in my Poor Box. I want it to go for a New-Year's Present to the Grasshopper People in Kansas. Father Says I am a poor Scribe, but I am only Seven Years Old. EVA.

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY, *December* 29, 1874.

Another writes:

SIR,—I am seven years old to-day. I have saved up my money until I have got $1, which I would like to send as a birthday gift to the poor little children of Kansas. FANNY.

NEW YORK, *December* 31, 1874.

The wife of Arthur Orton is resolved to have all her honors. She now refuses to pay the rates due from her until she is addressed and applied to as Lady Tichborne. She is likely to get into trouble in consequence.

About nine months ago a young man of St. Paul, Minnesota, was very ill with typhoid fever, and when he recovered, both hearing and speech were totally lost. This terrible calamity greatly oppressed him; but at length he engaged in the business of copying records. A short time ago he experienced a strange pressure in his throat and a painful buzzing in his head. Various applications were made, but failed to give relief, and the pain became very severe. During one of the spasms of pain a discharge of matter from the throat occurred, which caused instant and complete relief, and the young man was at once able to hear and to speak. The restoration was so sudden and so complete that it was with difficulty either he or his friends could realize the fact. But it was true; after nine months of silence he was able to talk as glibly as ever.

Baby farming is under consideration in the French Assembly. The regulations which will probably be made will have a tendency to prevent the fearful infant mortality which at present prevails. Nurses are to be under the supervision of the Prefect, aided by a commission consisting of two members of the Council General and six persons nominated by him, one of them selected from the medical officers of the department, and the others from managers of charitable institutions for children or adults.

Somebody gives in substance the following idea in regard to the proper way of treating the secrets of other people which accidentally come into our possession: If you see a person drop a purse in the street, and you pick it up, of course you return it to him; or if you could not give it back at once, you would keep it safely until you could do so. That is just what you should do with secrets when people drop them accidentally, and you pick them up. You have no more business to use them than you would have to use money which you obtained in the same way.

The Viscountess Strangford is interesting herself in the establishment of a regular system of nurses for the poor of London. Their condition is at present deplorable, especially when ill of any dangerous disease. Often they are wholly unattended. The viscountess proposes that nurses for the poor be trained in hospitals.

An interesting pedestrian feat is reported in the Honolulu *Gazette*. A young officer, Mr. Hugh Thackwell by name, left Hilo on foot at ten minutes before 6 o'clock, one morning, rested for an hour and a half at the end of thirteen miles, resumed his journey at 12.30 P.M., and reached the Volcano House at 5.10 in the evening, having made more than twenty-nine miles of heavy up-hill work, over a wretched road of ki swamp and pahoehoe, in ten walking hours. Next morning Mr. Thackwell set out for the crater at 5.40, still on foot, and after a good deal of scrambling up and down the great basin, having "done" all its wonders thoroughly, reached the house again at 8.10 o'clock. At 9.15 this indomitable pedestrian commenced his return journey, starting three-quarters of an hour behind a mounted party of visitors, and after stoppages on the way amounting in all to twenty minutes, he regained Hilo at 5.15 in the evening, outstripping the riders on the way, arriving in gallant form, and looking as fresh as if prepared for a race. The total distance covered was probably at least sixty-five miles, walk and climb; the walking time occupied was 20¾ hours, and the total time from start to return, including all stoppages, 35¾ hours. This is not bad for the tropics in hot weather, especially as it rained over a great part of the way.

A bronze statue, costing about twelve thousand dollars, will soon be erected in Central Park in honor of the poet Burns.

Snow-balling is attended with various evils. A Pennsylvania school-boy recently tried so hard to throw a snow-ball over a bell-tower that his right arm was broken square off between the elbow and shoulder. The bone was fractured simply by the unusual exertion of muscular force.

Bostonians enjoyed a novel New-Year's frolic. Some weeks ago a huge tea-kettle was placed in front of a tea-store, and two prizes offered for the nearest estimates of its capacity. The "Yankees" went to work "guessing" with a will. Twelve hundred "guesses" were recorded, varying from ten to 3000 gallons. On New-Year's Day the tea-kettle was publicly measured in the presence of 5000 or 6000 persons. The problem was at length settled by the announcement that the kettle contained just 227 gallons, 2 quarts, 1 pint, and 3 gills. The nearest guess was within three gills of the right quantity, and that had been made by eight different persons. So a chest of tea (the first prize) was divided between them. The second nearest estimate lacked five gills of the correct figures, and this had been made by seven persons, among whom the second prize, twenty-five pounds of coffee, was divided.

Some weeks ago the gossips of Oyster Bay were deeply interested in the marriage of a lady of eighty-five to the Presbyterian minister of the village, he being seventy-three. She recently died, leaving a large property. By a will made soon after her marriage she bequeathed her husband the house in which she lived, the furniture, carriage and horses, and every thing about the house and grounds, and also $25,000. After the payment of a few special bequests, the remainder of her property was to be equally divided among nine persons, whose names were mentioned in the will.

The Paris *Académie des Sciences* has been investigating the qualities of a valuable plant called the gombo. It is of the mallow species, growing in hot countries, principally in Syria and Egypt, and is cultivated for the sake of its fruit. Its fibres have been made into paper, rivaling the best products of the kind. The stem and outer covering of the fruit produce a species of the gum called *gombine*, which makes an excellent cough sirup, while oil, available for the manufacture of soap and candles, can be extracted from the seed, and resin from the sap of the plant. It has been proposed to cultivate the plant to some extent in Algeria.

Next spring the Sultan of Zanzibar proposes to visit London. It is also his intention to make a call at Paris and Vienna—two cities which, next to London, he considers the most important in the world.

The Empress of Russia is delighted with the climate of San Remo, and has decided on building a villa there.

When King Kalakaua visited New Bedford, one old captain, ninety years old, called upon him. This old captain is the only survivor of the crew of the first whaler that visited the Sandwich Islands, seventy-five years ago; and at that time the queen of the islands swam out to the ship!

During the past few years many English girls, having no sufficient means of support at home, or being orphans destitute of a home, have gone to Paris with the intention of becoming governesses. The supply has greatly exceeded the demand, and many of the poor girls have endured great suffering. An English lady has for two years sustained a small home, which, however, is not sufficiently commodious, and an attempt is now being made to establish a Christian Home in Paris which shall accommodate and protect these friendless English girls.

*Boldu* is the name given to a new tonic medicine found on isolated mountain regions in Chili. The bark, leaves, and blossoms possess a strong aromatic odor, resembling a mixture of turpentine and camphor. Its properties are chiefly as a stimulant to digestion, having a decided action on the liver. Its discovery was first accidental, but direct experiments have proved its effect upon the human system.

An Anti-Opium Association exists in England, which has for its object the suppression of traffic in that drug with China. From statements made at a recent meeting of the society in London it appears that all the opium imported into China, with a small exception, comes from India. There are two opium-producing regions in India. What is raised in the native states is shipped from Bombay, and upon it the government simply levies a tax. The British opium is grown in Bengal, and is a government monopoly. The most of it is packed for the China market, and sold by a government official at auction in Calcutta. In the year ending March, 1872, 49,695 chests of Bengal opium were sold at Calcutta for export, and 39,225 chests were shipped from Bombay. The net opium revenue for that year was £7,656,000. The Chinese complain that opium is destroying their country, and that laws against native-grown opium can not be enforced on account of the admission of the Indian article.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOME sensible chap says, truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow and undertake to wheel himself.

What is the difference between a man in deep thought and King Henry VIII?—One is a fat king, and the other is a *thin*-king.

Narrow-minded men who have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision recall the Hindoo saying, "The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest in the universe."

Some years ago a respectable Irish military company was organized in Lowell, Massachusetts, and named the "Jackson Musketeers.' During its brief existence they met to spend a social evening. After the supper was disposed of a prominent member was called up to speak, and responded as follows: "Mr. Prisident, I am no spache-maker, but will give you a sintiment—'The Jackson Musketeers! aiqual *to* none; the *last* on the field, and the *first* to lave!'"

If you were obliged to swallow a man, whom would you prefer to swallow?—A little London porter.

The wife of a well-known literary gentleman, while reading one of his articles for the press, corrected it as she went along—and the errors were somewhat numerous. "Why, husband," she exclaimed, "you don't know the first rules of grammar, or else you are very negligent!" "Well, well, my love," he exclaimed, looking up from his work, "what's the matter now?" "Why, in three cases you speak of our sex in the plural, and write it in the singular number." "I can't help it," was the retort; "woman is a singular being."

A worthy but poor minister requested a loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of a bank; and in the note requesting the favor he said he would "pay in ten days on the faith of Abraham." The cashier returned word that by the rules of the bank the indorser must reside in the State.

An Irishman in France was drinking with some company who proposed the toast, "The land we live in!" "Ay, with all me sowl, me dear," said he; "here's poor ould Ireland!"

My friend, the foreigner, called on me to bid farewell before he quitted town, and on his departure he said, "I am going *at* the country." I ventured to correct his phraseology by saying that we were accustomed to say, "going into the country." He thanked me for this correction, said he profited by my lesson, and added, "I will knock *into* your door on my return."

"Madam, you never confess yourself in the wrong." "No, Sir; but if I had ever been in the wrong, I am sure I should have taken great pleasure in acknowledging it."

"My dear husband," said a devoted wife, "why will you not leave off smoking? It is such an odious practice, and makes your breath smell so!" "Yes," replied the husband, "but only consider the time I have devoted and the money I have spent to learn to smoke. If I should leave off now, all that time and money would have been wasted, don't you see?"

A story is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening Sully was speaking of a certain belle who was a great favorite. "Ah!" says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant." "Oh! oh! Mr. Sully, how could you be so rude?" "Rude, ladies, rude! What do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant because it's full of ivory."

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight has been turned out of the temperance society.

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant. "Well, Sir, are you a contented man?" "Yes, Sir, very." "Then what do you want with my field?" The applicant did not stop to reply.

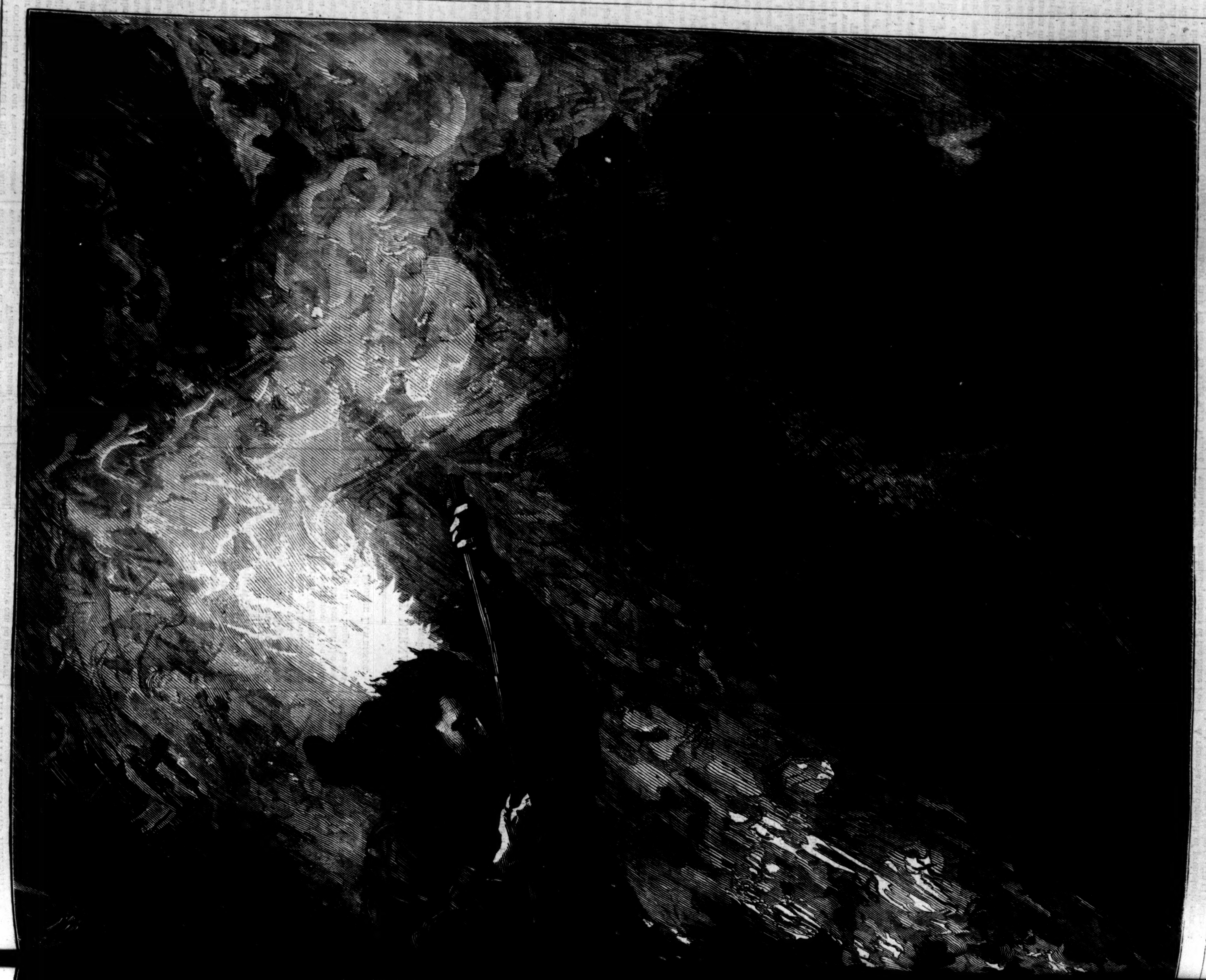
The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggin'. The man who discovered it has retired from public life.

An old bachelor who had procured a marriage license for a friend, while glancing over it, was heard to soliloquize thus: "Can't do it—would like to, but won't—want a wife—would like to have a wife—but must do without so expensive a luxury—wives are expensive—money is scarce—provisions are high—won't consent to give any one authority to spend money for me—can't do it!"

"What's jography, Bill?" "It's a-tellin' of forrin lands that we know nothin' about by 'cute chaps that's never seen 'em." Bill got a government situation.

A busy housewife was sitting in a doorway plying her needle. Her husband was lounging on the rail, when his foot slipped, and he bruised his knee on the door-stone. "Oh," said he, groaning, "I have broken the bone, I am sure!" "Well, then," said she, holding up her needle with its eye broken out, "you and I have done very nearly the same thing." "How so?" "Why, don't you see?" said she; "I have broken the eye of the needle, man, and you have broken the knee of the idle man."

DISASTER ON THE ST. BERNARD—OVERWHELMED BY SNOW.—[See Page 78.]



[See Illustrations on First Page and on Page 72.]

## A PERIOD OF REACTION.

It is one of the disadvantages of the close connection produced by the growth of rapid intercourse between the Old World and the New that we have become more practically interested in the changes of European dynasties, and are more than ever exposed to the danger of foreign influence in our domestic affairs. There is no doubt that the follies and the vices of imperial France spread corruption among our wealthier classes, that our young men and young women were too often lost forever amidst the profligacies of Paris, that our cities emulated its degradation, and our rural districts learned its extravagance and its waste. The carnival of public robbery and moral decay in New York was coincident with the culmination of the disorders and the peculations, the orgies and the shame, of the last years of the French Empire, and when the Germans swept away the frivolous and dissolute régime with an iron hand, every thoughtful American felt that a real benefit had been conferred upon his country, and that the revels of the Tuileries would no longer teach their mad recklessness to the nations. We welcomed the French republic because we believed that it gave promise of a period of peace and gradual reform. Under President THIERS France seemed to grow more discreet and rational, more simple and refined. A republic, too, sprang up in Spain, and again we rejoiced, because we hoped that honest men might at last rule in that afflicted nation. The papacy fell, and some of us believed that the interference of a Roman priest in the affairs of nations would no longer prove so disastrous as it had been in the past, so dangerous to the growth of universal freedom. And the overthrow of the papal faction in New York, whose infamous instruments had made European barbarity familiar to our people, and filled the city with gross imitations of Napoleonic revels and imperial robberies, seemed the beginning of a new era of reform. Knowledge was once more progressive in Europe and America. England had adopted compulsory education, and Texas had not yet closed its public schools; France planned a system of universal instruction, and the enemies of human progress had apparently met with no temporary defeat.

To this fair prospect there has come a sudden reaction, and what in 1872 seemed near at hand is now about to be torn from us. The year 1875 will witness the triumphs of ignorance. In France, the central point in the schemes of the ultramontanes, M'MAHON and the Archbishop of Paris rule over the unlucky land, a usurping government defies the will of the people, education is crushed, the press silenced or contemned, religious liberty in danger, and personal purity or independence lost; and ruled by the fierce adherents of MARY ALACOQUE and the vision of Lourdes, France hangs over Europe, threatening war and desolation, the prey of the Jesuits and the priests. Under its present rulers, had they the power, it is easy to see with what exultation the French fanatics would perfect the humiliation of Protestant England, or rush once more to the sack of the German cities; would enforce upon Italy the doctrines of the Syllabus, and raise the Pope to a new reign of terror. In Spain the republic that promised two years ago education and universal freedom has fallen before the arts of the priests. They brought war into the miserable country, filled it with massacre and woe. Instead of humanity, they taught relentless discord; instead of knowledge, the sword. At last the son of ISABELLA, educated in the fatal school of superstition, ascends his tottering throne, and with his first words as the successor of ALVA and of PHILIP II., promises all his feeble aid to the cause of the Pope. Knowledge, education, religious liberty, and personal purity seem about to fly from the disordered realm forever. The Protestant newspapers of Madrid are already suppressed, the rule of intolerance has begun, and the powers of darkness have won an easy victory over the powers of light. The genius and virtues of CASTELAR and his associates had seemed to shed a momentary dawn of hope over the peninsula, and the supremacy of a really eminent intellect might have changed its destiny. But the intrigues of France and Rome have conquered, and a BOURBON dynasty can only bring back tyranny and despair to Spain.

While in France M'MAHON and the Archbishop of Paris plan the suppression of free thought, and the fierce DUPANLOUP with menacing gestures and frantic rage denounces in the Assembly as atheists and assassins all who refuse to believe in an infallible Pope and a MARY ALACOQUE, while the Vatican waits eagerly for the coming of the French legions who are to set its voluntary captive free, all Italy watches with a strange interest the plots of its clerical foes. For the first time, since 1870 a free press, free schools, and liberty of conscience have prevailed from the Alps to Mount Etna; a united Italy lives peacefully beneath a lenient government; knowledge is penetrating among the people; the resources of the country are brought to view; and the lands laid desolate by papal exactions are renewing their productiveness. Protestant chapels grow up under the shadow of St. Peter's, American free schools celebrate their anniversaries in the capital, and a liberal press promises the renovation of the Italian intellect. Yet the sword is still suspended over the pleasing scene. To restore the temporal power of the Pope, DUPANLOUP and the ultramontanes of France, Germany, or Spain are bound by rigid vows. To carry war and bloodshed into Italy every priest in Europe and America is pledged by his official oath. The Syllabus and the Council have left no Roman Catholic any choice, and a perpetual crusade is preached in every Roman pulpit against the Italian government. If Italy falls before its enemies, the gloom of despair must rest upon all its people. It is sometimes urged that the papal rulers and BOURBON princes who are waiting to despoil the flourishing Peninsula of its freedom and its wealth will at least spare the schools and the press, that they are no longer the princes and priests of the Middle Ages; but, as VON SYBEL very clearly shows, the papacy has never changed. It is not many years since Florence and Naples were crushed by a fierce Inquisition, and it is only five years since PIUS IX. published the immutable purpose of his Church to subject the world to his sway. Wherever a Roman Catholic rules, no other religious system can be tolerated, no free press be heard, no liberty of conscience be suffered; and should the French and the ultramontanes cross the Alps, the whole fabric of Italian progress must perish in a fierce convulsion. The Inquisition would rule in Rome and Florence, and persecution rage from the Vaudois valleys to the Sicilian cape. Such, at least, is the cruel policy impressed upon the Papal Church by the Pope and Council; and however its people may shrink from the inhuman suggestions of their Roman rulers, they have no resource but in obedience.

One man alone holds in check the crusade against Italy, and but for Prince BISMARCK the arms of France would long ago have restored the Pope to his sorrowful sway. It is against Prince BISMARCK that all the savage rage of the ultramontanes is directed. In a recent scene in the German Parliament the manners of the French Assembly were transferred to the decorous Reichstag, and its leader was assailed with the fury of a DUPANLOUP or a ROUHER. The ultramontanes have plotted against his life, and laid plans for his assassination. They hate united Germany with a fiercer hatred than even united Italy, and, had they the power, would plunge it in irrevocable ruin. Yet we are sometimes told that those who warn the world against its dangers are vain alarmists, and that GLADSTONE and BISMARCK are contending with ideal foes.

But it is in our own country that the reaction against knowledge and progress has been most active. The recent election in the city of New York was carried by the vote of the extreme adherents of the papacy. Fifty thousand of the enemies of knowledge, aided by twenty thousand weak and thoughtless or honest and misguided citizens, have stopped that work of reform which was begun three years ago. Fifty thousand of the most fanatical believers in the visions of MARY ALACOQUE and the papal infallibility rule over us, pledged to obedience to the Roman priesthood, ignorant to a rare degree, resolute to destroy common-school education, a free press, and every form of liberty of conscience; eager for war, at least in theory; prepared to crush united Germany by French arms, and subject Italy to a clerical rule; the devoted agents of a blind fanaticism. Such are our rulers, and the officials they have placed in power are either members of their own class or its natural representatives. Their capacity for peculation has been proved by a long series of years of public ruin; the city groans under the weight of debt and taxation which these men have imposed upon us; the whole country has been corrupted by the Democracy of New York, and the money taken from the city has been used to control the elections of Ohio or Illinois. For twenty years the same class has ruled over us almost constantly, and once more we have fallen into their power. A series of Democratic "victories" has passed over the country, and every Democratic success now means the triumph of the enemies of knowledge. Once the Democracy was the foremost defender of popular education, under CLINTON, DIX, or WRIGHT. It has now, in the league with its ultramontane allies, adopted a different policy. Wherever its rule extends knowledge perishes and civilization decays. In the city of New York it aims sharp blows at the public schools; in Indiana it excludes colored children from their influence; in Missouri it wastes the school funds; in Ohio it defeats a liberal school law; in Texas, we are told by Governor DAVIS, the Democracy drove one hundred thousand children from their usual schools, and turned a whole State back into barbarism; or in New Orleans knowledge perishes amidst revolution and Democratic anarchy.

Plainly all over the civilized world the strife between progress and its ultramontane foes is raging, and of the remarkable conflict Prince BISMARCK is the central figure. His countrymen in every land owe him an undivided support. If he falls, Germany will be torn by civil discord, and the legions of France may yet cross the Rhine. It is the more to be regretted, therefore, that the Germans among us have so often consented to unite with that party which is their most determined enemy, that they have joined with the ultramontanes to subject New York to a Democratic rule, and given so many votes in the Western States to the foes of united Germany. Every Democratic victory is a menace to their Fatherland; the policy of the Vatican has gained new encouragement from its transatlantic triumphs; the papal enemies of Germany will look for no unimportant aid from a Democratic administration at Washington, and its ultramontane followers will never rest until they have driven the Republicans from power, and placed their KERNANS and KELLYS in control of the national policy. To prevent this it would seem that no faithful German would spare any labor. In that last great conflict which Germany may yet have to wage with France and the Catholic hosts of Europe, it is all-important to Prince BISMARCK and his allies that in our country he should have a friend; but with KERNANS and KELLYS at the head of affairs, with Tammany Hall ruling and plundering New York, with ultramontanes controlling our elections, and papal priests intriguing at Washington, it is quite impossible to say into what mad counsels we might not be driven; and it is certain that all the mortifications our papal politicians could devise would be inflicted upon Protestant Germany. In the war of 1870 a full sympathy and not a little material aid flowed out from Tammany Hall to imperial France, and every Irish Catholic would have rejoiced had the French legions desolated the fair cities of the Rhine; in a future war they might do worse wrongs to Germany and civilization. As the German candidate for our Mayoralty recently suggested, "the representative can be no purer than his constituency," and he who is elected by an ultramontane vote will do all in his power to destroy knowledge and crush the opponents of the papacy.

With ISABELLA and her feeble son ruling in Spain in the place of republicanism and CASTELAR; with France threatening Italy and Germany with sudden ruin; with ultramontane plots in Berlin and reactionary measures in Vienna; with the New World torn by the same mad crusade against knowledge and progress; with papal priests ruling in New York, and Irish exiles laboring to wreck the freedom that has given them a safe shelter from the martial law of Ireland; with a band of assassins controlling the elections of too many of the Southern States, and our national policy guided in one branch of Congress by the representatives of Southern rebels and foreign priests—the year 1875 opens. Yet let not the friends of knowledge despair. Freedom will yet strike down all her foes. A united North, West, and East will yet drive our papal rulers to their proper obscurity, and hold them there until they have learned to abjure forever their allegiance to a foreign Pope or their intrigues with the feeble wrecks of a dying rebellion. It would seem well at least for all patriotic Germans to form at once a league for the overthrow of the ultramontane faction among us, and see that the enemies of their Fatherland shall no longer be sustained by the German vote.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## DISASTER ON THE ST. BERNARD.

At this season of the year many serious accidents occur in the passes of the Alps from storms and avalanches. One of the most frightful in many years took place recently on the Great St. Bernard, of which we give a double-page illustration. Twelve Italian workmen started at daybreak from Proz, in spite of a threatened storm, with the intention of crossing, or passing the night at the Hospice, as circumstances might determine. The sky was overcast, and snow was already beginning to fall. On arriving at a point on their route called the Montagne de la Pierre, midway between their starting-point and the Hospice, they were met by two of the monks and a domestic of the establishment, accompanied by one of the well-known St. Bernard dogs.

At this moment the storm suddenly became furious. An ice-cold whirlwind swept down upon the party, and overwhelmed them with masses of snow from the neighboring heights. Five of the workmen, the two monks, the domestic, and the dog were completely buried under a heap of snow to the depth of several yards, although no avalanche had fallen. The seven others, who were a short distance behind, were overthrown by the same blast, but not under the same depth of snow. In a short time they succeeded in working their way out, and concluding that it would be useless to attempt the rescue of their companions, returned, in a bruised condition, to the shelter they had left in the morning.

The next day the inmates of the Hospice were startled by the appearance of the dog "Turco," which had succeeded in scratching his way out of the snow, and reached home torn and bleeding. Warned that some frightful disaster had taken place, a party at once set out to explore the road. In a little cabin named *L'Hôpital*, about a mile and a half from the scene of the accident, they found one of the monks, in a dying condition and unconscious. A cordial was administered, and he revived sufficiently to recount the circumstances of the sad event. He had broken through the heavy mass of snow that had overwhelmed him and his companions, and although severely wounded, bleeding, and exhausted, had dragged himself toward the Hospice, until he sank down in the cabin where he was found, unable to take another step. Twenty-seven hours had elapsed since the disaster, and the shock, fatigue, and exposure proved more than he could bear. He died within an hour after the arrival of his comrades.

This is said to be the most serious accident that has occurred on the Great St. Bernard since 1816. The monks of the Hospice, assisted by their famous dogs, have saved many lives when storms have rendered the pass dangerous, and are celebrated for their hospitality to suffering wayfarers.

## PROHIBITION IN BOSTON.

Our sketch on page 80 illustrates the practical working of the prohibitory liquor law in the chief cities of the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The records of the past year show that while many seizures of intoxicating liquors have been made under the law by the State constables, comparatively few of the larger dealers have been seriously disturbed. Almost within call of the head-quarters of the State Police, in Pemberton Square, there are a large number of bar-rooms to which the thirsty citizens resort for the beverages they most affect. Now and then, seemingly for the sake of appearances, these bars are "seized," but never effectually closed. Within an hour afterward they are again doing a lively business. Adjoining the head-quarters of the State constables, as shown in our sketch, is the rear entrance to one of the most popular bars in the city. Here every few days liquors of every kind are unloaded from drays driven up to the door right under the noses of the vigilant constables, who appear to take no interest in the matter, and act as if it was no concern of theirs. "None are so blind as those who will not see."

## THE LATE LEONARD HAZELTINE.

A few days ago the Ninth Class Association of old Public School No. 14 dedicated a memorial tablet to the late LEONARD HAZELTINE in the principal's room of School No. 13, in East Houston Street. The ceremonies were appropriate and interesting. Mr. F. C. WAGNER, President of the Board of Trustees, explained in a brief address that the object of the tablet was to honor and perpetuate the memory of one who, by nearly forty years of faithful, earnest labor in the school-room, had endeared himself to hundreds and thousands of pupils whom he had aided to prepare for the stern duties of life, and had won for himself an honored name in New York. Following the address were a recitation by one of the pupils and a chorus by the Philharmonic Quartette Club.

General JOSEPH C. PINCKNEY presented the tablet to the Board of Education in the name of the Ninth Class. It was received by the Hon. WILLIAM H. NEILSON in a speech of thanks on behalf of the board and the school. Addresses were then delivered by the Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY, Professor DAVID B. SCOTT, the Hon. WILLIAM HERRING, and the Hon. T. C. ACTON.

The tablet, of which we give a sketch on page 80, is set in the east wall of the school-room. It is surmounted by a Gothic arch of white marble, supported on columns of reddish-brown, which rest on a base of polished black. The lettering, over which is a bronze medallion of the teacher in *alto-rilievo*, is in these words:

"In memoriam LEONARD HAZELTINE, born October 14, 1803, died August 23, 1874, for thirty-nine years principal of this school. He was distinguished for his ability, faithfulness, rectitude, and amiability of character. This tablet was erected by his former pupils, who revere his memory for the benefits they have received from his able teachings and wise counsels. The friend of all, the enemy of none."

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR MARSH and party returned to New Haven, December 12, after an absence of two months in the West. The object of the present expedition was to examine a remarkable fossil locality discovered during the past summer in the Bad Lands south of the Black Hills. The explorations were very successful, notwithstanding extremely cold weather and the continued hostility of the Sioux Indians. The latter refused to allow the expedition to cross White River, but a reluctant consent was at last obtained. They afterward stopped the party on the way to the Bad Lands, attempted a night attack on their camp, and otherwise molested them, but the accompanying escort of United States troops proved sufficient for protection. The fossil deposits explored were mainly of miocene age, and although quite limited in extent, proved to be rich beyond expectation. Nearly two tons of fossil bones were collected, most of them rare specimens, and many unknown to science. Among the most interesting remains found were several species of gigantic *Brontotheridæ*, nearly as large as elephants. At one point these bones were heaped together in such numbers as to indicate that the animals lived in herds, and had been washed into this ancient lake by a freshet. Successful explorations were made also in the pliocene strata of the same region. All the collections secured go to Yale College, and will soon be described by Professor MARSH.

It is stated that Colonel GORDON was in Gondokoro on the 5th of September, and that he had succeeded in carrying a section of his steamer, destined to navigate the Albert Nyanza, as far as the falls at Regia.

The death of Mrs. HOOKER, wife of Sir JOSEPH HOOKER, of the Royal Gardens of Kew, took place on Friday, the 13th of November. Mrs. HOOKER was best known in scientific circles as the translator of the great work of LE MAOUT and DECAISNES entitled *Traité Général de Botanique.*"

An interesting experiment was recently made by the directors of the St. Germain Museum at Paris. Certain implements of war, constructed from designs on TRAJAN'S column, were tested, and it was found that the catapult threw arrows to a distance of 300 yards, and hit a mark regularly each time up to 180 yards. The same can be said of the onager, which sent stones of one and a half pounds to a distance of 180 yards with astonishing precision. The initial velocity with which the stones were sent was calculated to be more than sixty yards per second.

It is probable that some international conference will be held before long in Europe, looking toward a regulation of the conditions and season of capturing the seals of the North Atlantic, a subject of great interest, especially to Newfoundland, which depends so much on the seal fisheries for its prosperity. The United States will probably be called upon to take part in these deliberations. A preliminary to such action will be securing the opinions of owners of sealing vessels on the subject, and a committee of the London Board of Trade will shortly visit the principal sealing ports of Scotland for this purpose.

A remarkable deposit of prehistoric remains has lately been found in the cavern of Thäingen, in the Canton of Schaffhausen, in Switzerland. Among the bones of animals met with were those of the European fox and, what is very remarkable if true, those of the American fox (*Vulpes fulvus*), as also of the wolf, the dog, the brown bear, the wild-cat, the lion, the marmot, the European hare, the reindeer, the ibex, the chamois, the deer, the bison, the primitive ox,

the pig, the horse, the elephant, the rhinoceros; and of birds, those of the ptarmigan.

There were also some very excellent carvings upon bone of the horse, representing a species little different from our own. Three distinct deposits were found in this cavern. The lower or gray layer contains the bones of the elephant, the hairy rhinoceros, the glutton, and the *Bos friscus*. The two superior layers consisted of angular fragments and rolled pebbles, with many bones. No remains of human industry are found in the middle and lowest layers.

An elaborate memoir appears in the November number of PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* upon the result of Lieutenant WHEELER'S exploration in New Mexico in 1873, from the pen of Dr. O. LOEW, chemist and geologist of the expedition. This is illustrated by a map.

FERDINAND BAYAN, a civil engineer, and an assistant in the paleontological collection of the School of Mines, died on the 24th of September, in the 29th year of his age. He was the author of several papers upon conchology as applied to geology.

The death of Mr. L. P. ROUSSEAU took place at Paris on the 14th of October, 1874, at the age of sixty-three. For many years M. ROUSSEAU was assistant naturalist at the Museum of Natural History, in the chair of the department of the mollusca and radiates, and was at the time of his death custodian to the zoological galleries.

M. ROUGEMONT, in speaking of the European fresh-water fish known as the loach (*Cobitis fossilis*), says that when one of these fish is placed in ordinary water it respires by means of its gills in a normal manner; but whenever the proportion of oxygen falls below a certain minimum, the fish rises to the surface and there takes in air, while bubbles charged with carbonic acid escape at the anal orifice. It therefore appears that the digestive tube itself performs the functions of respiration, and that it is in this organ that the blood finds the oxygen necessary to its purification. This tube is thus equivalent to an air-bladder, and when filled with air the fish rises easily to the surface. The so-called air-bladder of the fish is a small bony receptacle, situated under the first vertebra, and it is believed, in view of the small volume of air it is capable of containing, that it is not a real air-vessel, but is simply a reasonant chamber communicating with the organ of hearing properly so called.

Advices to the 16th of May have been received from Lieutenant CAMERON, at which date he and his party were in good health, and had circumnavigated the Tanganyika Lake, and found the effluent south of Speke's Islands which the natives reported to be the Congo, identical with LIVINGSTONE'S Lualaba. He hoped before long to reach Jellala Falls and Loanda.

Mr. JOHN FORREST has succeeded in crossing from the western coast of Australia through the very heart of the only extensive region in Australia hitherto unexplored. He and his companions traveled nearly 2000 miles, keeping close to the twenty-sixth parallel of latitude. They left Champion Bay April 1, and reached the telegraph line September 27. Much of the country passed over was of the poorest possible description, scantily supplied with water. This achievement of Mr. FORREST leaves only the direct and more southern route to Perth to be traversed to complete the data requisite for making known the general character of the West Australian continent.

As the result of a laborious experimental investigation into the intellectual capacity and development of children of different races inhabiting the island of Jamaica, Mr. HOUZEAU concludes, first, that there is in each child a different degree of intellectual proficiency, though these individual differences are much less than might be anticipated; second, an unequal rate or speed of improvement does not belong especially to any race; third, the rate of improvement is due almost entirely to home influence, namely, to the relative elevation of the parental circle in which the children live. On the other hand, Mr. LINDSAY concludes, as the result of his observations, that at or up to a certain age girls are as quick as, or quicker than, boys at learning or repeating lessons, but female superiority, in so far as it exists, is usually confined to school life; second, up to a certain point there is the closest possible parallelism between the mental endowments of the human child and sundry other animals; in some cases, even, the comparison is in favor of the animals; and yet we have no reason for supposing that any of these will, at the best, ever attain to even the average of the intellectual and moral development of man.

The first part of volume seventeen of the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History, extending from May to October, 1874, has just been published by the society, and contains, besides other papers, a report of the proceedings in reference to the death of the late president, Professor WYMAN.

Mr. ISAAC LEA has lately published an index to the thirteen volumes of his observations on the genus *Unio* and his descriptions of new species of fresh-water and land univalves. These papers are embraced in the publications of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences and of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia from 1827 to 1874, and constitute a veritable monument to Mr. LEA'S enormous industry during that period. The index itself was prepared by Dr. JAMES LEWIS, of Mohawk, New York, one of our most critical and accomplished American conchologists.

The annual report of the Librarian of Congress for 1874 has just been published. From this we learn that the additions during the year consisted of 15,405 books and 6272 parts of books and pamphlets, of which 1264 volumes and 1756 parts of volumes were received from the Smithsonian Institution, and 6840 volumes by copyright. The total number of copyrighted articles, including books, periodicals, musical compositions, dramatic compositions, photographs, engravings and chromos, maps, charts, drawings, and prints, amounted to 29,674. The copyright entries for the year exceeded those of the previous year by 931. The amount paid into the Treasury on account of copyright fees was $13,524 78.

Mr. SPOFFORD, the librarian, again calls the attention of Congress to the great importance of a library building for the accommodation of the constantly increasing collections, which have already grown far beyond the bounds of the present library halls.

The last report of the Crystal Palace Aquarium Company, presented at the meeting of April 30, 1874, shows the continued success of that establishment under its accomplished director, Mr. WILLIAM A. LLOYD, and is an earnest of what might be done in New York should the projected enterprise so long talked of be actually carried out. It appears that the total cost of management, including salaries and wages, cost of marine animals and their maintenance, fuel, gas, etc., amounted to £3481 sterling (this is exclusive of rent of land), while the receipts for admission, season tickets, and profits on the sale of guide-books was £6569, thus giving the favorable balance, in round numbers, of $15,000. Out of this a dividend of ten per cent. was paid to the stockholders (the dividends being limited to that amount by agreement with the Crystal Palace Company), and the remainder carried to the general fund. The showings of the Brighton, Manchester, and other aquaria are equally favorable.

The Signal Service observer on the summit of Pike's Peak reports that the local storms there experienced originate over the parks to the westward on hot afternoons. On one occasion he was favored with an excellent view of the interior structure of the clouds of a tornado, when he observed that while the cloud-bearing currents of air float toward the centre they had a decided downward movement, but that masses of smoke-like vapor rapidly ascended through the interior funnel.

It is announced that DE FONVIELLE will make a number of balloon ascents in order to verify the law of barometric pressure given by LAPLACE, and that trigonometrical measures will be taken of the balloon by the astronomers of the Paris Observatory. Mr. GODARD has tried an apparatus which is said to be rather heavy and bulky, but is intended to indicate whether a balloon is descending or ascending. A very simple contrivance for the same purpose was, we believe, invented by Professor ABBE, in connection with some scientific balloon ascents made a few years ago in the United States.

As the result of a suggestive paper by FAYE, on the forms of comets, he states that he has been led to conclude with perfect certainty that cometary phenomena reveal to us in the heavens the existence of a second force totally different from attraction, and capable of playing an important part, and producing before our eyes gigantic phenomena; that, with great probability, this force is nothing less than the repulsion due to heat. In order to demonstrate experimentally the existence of such a repulsion (which is mathematically demonstrable on the dynamic theory of gases), he advises the following arrangement: a jar of very rarefied air is illuminated by means of the spark of an induction apparatus; the glass bell-jar in which the vacuum is to be made is traversed by the two wire conductors of the apparatus, the one vertical and the other horizontal, and the induction spark itself appears in the form of feebly luminous rays whose colored stratifications surround the horizontal conductor with a luminous sheath of a well-marked blue color. The horizontal wire having been made of a thin plate of platinum, an independent electric current is passed through it, so as to render it red-hot, and immediately the blue-colored sheath of rarefied air is repelled from the red-hot platinum plate. After having made all possible variations of this experiment, he concludes that it demonstrates the repulsion between the heated platinum and air.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### Calendar.

**JANUARY.**

*Sunday*, 24.—Septuagesima Sunday.
*Monday*, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
*Sunday*, 31.—Sexagesima Sunday.

**FEBRUARY.**

*Tuesday*, 2.—Purification B. V. M.
*Sunday*, 7.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
*Wednesday*, 10.—Ash-Wednesday.
*Sunday*, 14.—First Sunday in Lent.
*Sunday*, 21.—Second Sunday in Lent.
*Wednesday*, 24.—St. Matthias.
*Sunday*, 28.—Third Sunday in Lent.

SCOTLAND moves forward in the direction of disestablishment with an energy which leaves no doubt of the final result. Great meetings have been recently held in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen, at which resolutions calling for an entire separation of the church from the state were enthusiastically welcomed. At Glasgow the attendance was estimated to be 3000 persons; at Edinburgh, 2500; at Perth, 1500. The resolutions passed at Edinburgh declared "that the continued endowment of one of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, embracing only a minority of the Scottish people, is unreasonable and indefensible; that the subjection of that Church to state control is obnoxious to the known feelings and wishes of the Scottish people; that the congregations of the Established Church, having been now invested with the right of electing their own ministers, ought also to assume the responsibility of self-support; and that the endowments enjoyed by the Established Church ought therefore to be now withdrawn, due regard being had to existing life interests;" also, that the success of the unendowed Churches of Scotland is proof that the Established Kirk would not suffer if it were thrown upon its own resources; that the continuance of the present connection between church and state affords no security for the national religion; and that, in view of all the facts, disestablishment has become indispensable.

The array of speakers at the meetings was very imposing. Among them were Principal RAINY, Professors MACGREGOR and BLAIKIE, Rev. Drs. LONDON, ANDREW THOMSON, ARNOT, and others well known on both sides of the Atlantic. The addresses gave the number of the churches interested in the question as follows: Free Church, 900; United Presbyterian, 500; State Kirk, 1200. All the speakers took care to express the conviction that the present life interests in the Establishment should, in the event of disendowment, be protected.

A reply to Mr. GLADSTONE from JOHN HENRY NEWMAN is expected soon. It will appear almost, if not quite, simultaneously in England and the United States. The French correspondent of the London *Guardian* reports that Archbishop MANNING is very bitter against Lord ACTON and the other Liberal English Catholics. In passing through France recently he declared, says the correspondent, that he was determined upon "war to the knife," and that he would have absolute submission, or he would drive out of the Church those who in any degree dispute its authority.

A step forward has been taken in France by the passage in the Assembly to a second reading of M. DE PRESSENSÉ'S bill to secure the freedom of meeting for public worship. The speech of PRESSENSÉ in its favor was warmly applauded by the libera' side of the House. The Minister of Public Worship, who followed him, said that the government was in no way opposed to the second reading of the bill. It passed to that stage, by a vote of 477 to 167.

The discussion of the alteration of the rubrics goes on in the English Church with great activity. Judging from the temper of the meetings held in the rural deaneries, the idea of rubrical change is not acceptable to them. At present the subject is in the hands of a committee of Convocation. The Rev. W. H. GIRDLESTONE (Evangelical) has written a letter to the *Times* charging this committee with partiality. The extreme ritualists are calling for measures which will make the Church independent of the state. The Exeter branch of the "Church Union" has sent to the other branches a series of resolutions, which embrace these points: the right of the Church to choose its own bishops, to hold its Convocations without the assent of the state, to enact canons without reference to Parliament, and to administer its own endowments without state supervision. This is claiming for the Church the position which it occupied prior to the Reformation.

It is a singular fact that while the Church laws of Prussia are resisted by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, laws of similar tenor recently enacted by Austria are obeyed. Thus in the latter empire clerical appointments are notified to the civil authorities; in the former the bishops suffer fines upon fines rather than make the required notifications. The Bishop of Breslau has Austrian parishes in his diocese, and "has always notified his nomination of clergy to the Austrian officials;" in Silesia he refuses to make notification, and says that to do so is a sin. The Archbishop of Olmütz is in the same position, and makes the same distinction between the two governments.

Father HYACINTHE is now preaching in the large hall of St. Peter's Casino, Geneva. His attitude toward the Vatican Council is unchanged, but he now inclines to favor a separation of church from state.

It is said that Mr. MACKONOCHIE has made no change in the mode of conducting worship at St. Alban's, London. Recently he presided at a meeting of the Holborn branch of the Church Union, when he said, in reference to the recent decision of the Court of Arches, that "Catholics were not meant to win in law courts; that he had his place in the Church of England, and had no intention of seceding."

The United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland held a special meeting, December 16, to consider the attitude which it ought to take in view of the passage of the act for the abolition of patronage. It was determined to promote to the utmost the cause of disestablishment, and to advise the ministers to preach on the spirituality and independence of the Church. A resolution was adopted declaring that it was the duty of the Synod to look for reunion with other Churches only in connection with disestablishment and disendowment.

The House of Deputies of Chili has adopted, by a two-thirds vote, a clause in the penal code declaring that any ecclesiastic or layman who shall execute any orders of the papacy attacking the independence of Chili shall be punished by imprisonment.

A *Home Reunion Society* has been formed, with the Bishop of Winchester at its head, for the purpose of "bridging over the gulf" which separates the Established Church of England from Non-conformists. Its proposed methods are: "1. The diffusion, by means of lectures, public meetings, and other agencies, of correct views of the history, principles, and formularies of the Church. 2. Promoting a better feeling between Churchmen and Non-conformists by means of friendly intercourse, and such acts of united worship as may be consistent with the due observance of ecclesiastical law. 3. The removal of existing impediments to the admission of duly qualified Non-conformist ministers to holy orders."

A story illustrating the manner in which a good impulse is propagated is told by a correspondent of the Boston *Congregationalist*. A copy of the life of MARY LYON, the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, in Massachusetts, fell into the hands of a Scotch clergyman settled in South Africa. He conceived the idea of repeating in Africa the work that had been accomplished in New England. Acting upon his thought, he sent a letter to South Hadley asking for teachers. Two volunteered, and were sent. The African "Holyoke" is placed at Wellington, forty miles from Cape Town, amidst surrounding mountains. It has already buildings, pupils, and the hearty support of the people.

Sir HENRY HAVELOCK, in an address delivered before the Liberation Conference at Newcastle, gave a striking illustration of the discord now prevailing in the English State Church: "A bishop (COLENSO) had been announced to preach in a certain church in Oxford, and another bishop inhibited him, and would not allow him to preach. And nearly at the same time another dignitary of the Church of England (Dean STANLEY) was passing a very high eulogium on the very man who had been inhibited from preaching at Oxford."

The senior bishop of the Irish Episcopal Church, the Rev. Dr. JAMES THOMAS O'BRIEN, is deceased.

Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY are having the same success in Manchester which has attended their labors in Scotland and Ireland. On the 1st of February they go to Liverpool, where a tabernacle has been erected for their use capable of seating 7000 persons. They go to London March 1. In that city arrangements have been made for holding forty simultaneous meetings.

The committees of conference of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches, appointed to discuss and settle terms of fraternal intercourse, met in Baltimore January 7. A Conference is also appointed to be held in New York January 15 between the representatives of the Southern Presbyterian and the Reformed (Dutch) Churches, with a view to the adoption of plans of co-operation.

An English curate, the Rev. JOHN PARKS, has put his organist into a surplice.

Bishop HEFELE has recently published the seventh volume of his *History of Councils*, which embraces those of Constance and Basle. He announces that, on account of his advanced age, he will not carry on the work any farther.

The case of JENKINS against COOK is reported to be compromised. Mr. JENKINS, an English gentleman, had complained of his rector, the Rev. FLAVEL COOK, for refusing him the sacrament at the administration of the communion in the parish church of Clifton. The ground of objection to Mr. JENKINS was not an evil life, but the holding of some erroneous opinions. Mr. JENKINS did not consider some chapters of the Old Testament suitable for family reading, and had doubts of the existence of the devil. Mr. COOK'S position is admitted by the English press to be untenable.

The experiment of official periodical publication by the German Reformed Church has not been financially successful. Neither the *Reformed Church Messenger*, nor the Mercersburg *Review*, nor the *Kirchenzeitung* has paid expenses. The first has been reduced in size and price, and the *Review* has been transferred to private hands.

Reformed Episcopal services were opened in Baltimore by Bishop CUMMINS, December 27, in Lehman's Hall. A great crowd of hearers attended.

Father STACK, whose contest with Bishop O'HARA, of Scranton, will be remembered, addressed the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers on Monday, January 4. The contest in which he is engaged involves the question of the power of a Roman Catholic bishop to remove a priest and to suspend the exercise of his functions. In two suits before the Courts of Common Pleas Father STACK has obtained decrees in his favor. The appeal of Bishop O'HARA is now pending. The Conference, after hearing Father STACK, passed the following resolution:

"That the attitude of Father STACK reflects high credit on the cause he represents, and that the talent, integrity, and heroic courage with which he prosecutes his claims against the class power of the Romish bishops command our hearty admiration; that, in our judgment, the subject is eminently worthy of the serious attention of all who love our free institutions and wish to see them perpetuated; and that the overshadowing class power of Catholic bishops in this country deserves the especial study of our statesmen."

The Ministers' Conference at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and the Episcopal ministers of Philadelphia have adopted similar resolutions. Father STACK is announced to deliver a lecture at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on the "Usurpations of Catholic Bishops in America."

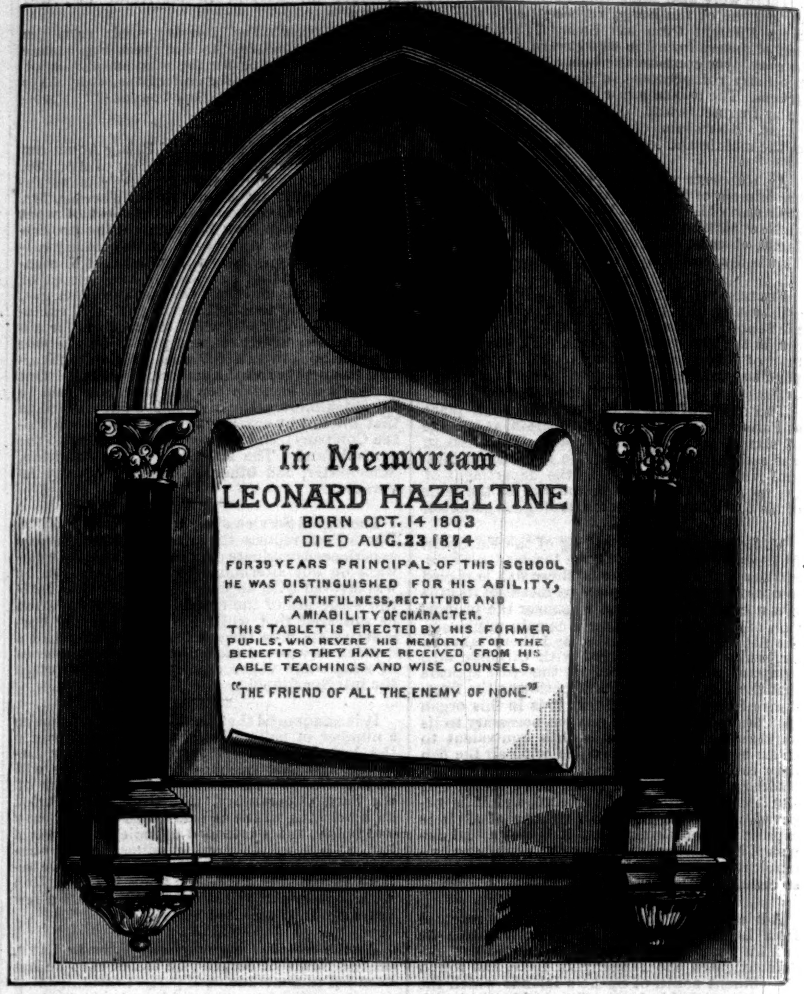
The *Church Advocate* (Winebrennarian) suggests that the religious body which it represents should send delegates to the General Convention of Union Churches which meets in Suffolk, Virginia, May, 1875.

The Hon. C. L. WOOD, president of the English Church Union, states that the "Public Worship Regulation Act" has given that association 1500 new members during the last half of 1874.

The withdrawal by the German Reichstag of the appropriation for the embassy at the Vatican means much more than appears on the surface. Several years ago Prince HOHENLOHE was appointed to this position, but the Pope refused to receive him. Since then, notwithstanding the vacancy, the appropriation has been regularly made, in the hope that the papacy might possibly come to terms with Germany. Its withdrawal now is the surrender by BISMARCK of all hope of a peaceful settlement of the controversy. The Prince now regards conciliation as impossible, and, in view of this, said to the Reichstag:

"So long as the head of the Catholic confession puts forth claims and occupies a position which is absolutely irreconcilable with the administration of every well-ordered state, and every state that will submit itself to him is compelled to pass under a Caudine yoke, and to give up its own independence; so long as the head of the Romish Church upholds and supports those of its servants who are subjects of a state of the German Empire in their rejection of the laws of their country—yea, even demands this rejection from them on oath as a matter of duty—so long is it the duty of the German Empire not only not to acknowledge a power which puts forth such claims, but also not to expose herself even to the suspicion of wishing in the future to make this acknowledgment, until such claims shall be in some way or other withdrawn—claims which are impossible of acceptance by every well-ordered state system."

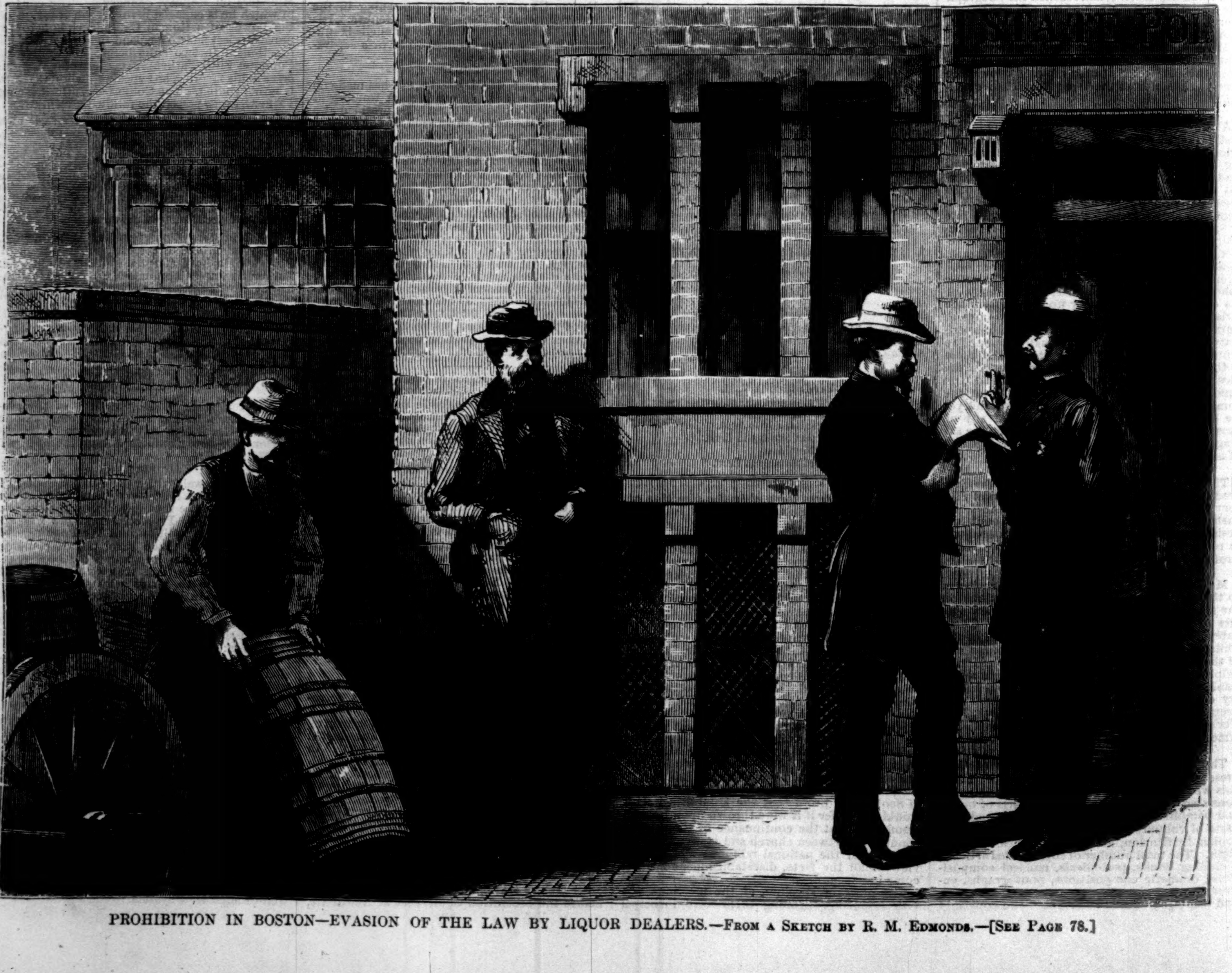
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.]




TABLET IN MEMORY OF LEONARD HAZELTINE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

## LIEUT.-GENERAL SHERIDAN.

GENERAL SHERIDAN, who on the 4th of January assumed command of the Department of the Gulf, with head-quarters at New Orleans, is justly regarded as one of the ablest men in the military service of the country. He was born in Ohio in 1831. He graduated with high honor at West Point in 1853, and served for some years in Texas and California. In March, 1861, he was promoted to a captaincy, and in the following year became commander of the Second Brigade of the Cavalry Division of the Army of the Mississippi. For distinguished services he rose successively to the ranks of Brigadier and Major General. His victories in the Shenandoah Valley and his brilliant operations around Richmond contributed largely to the downfall of the Southern Confederacy. On the promotion of SHERMAN to the rank of General he was made Lieutenant-General. His recent campaign against hostile Indian tribes on the great plains resulted in confining them to their reservations.



PROHIBITION IN BOSTON—EVASION OF THE LAW BY LIQUOR DEALERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. M. EDMONDS.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

## AN ARAB'S REVENGE.

### A TRUE STORY.

I HAD been in Algeria for some months, and during one of my somewhat frequent visits to Algiers I was fortunate enough to become acquainted with a Moor. I may even say that to a certain extent I had conquered his confidence, which, for a European, was no very easy matter. His name was Sid-Hadj-Abdallah. The first time I met him was at a Moorish café, and some days afterward I saw him seated in his shop, on the square of Si-Mohammed-el-Scheriff, in the Mussulman quarter of the town. I often passed that way, and whenever we met we naturally saluted each other, until at length the mere cold nod or wave of the hand, or the few commonplace words of greeting which we were in the habit of exchanging, gradually developed into a kind of friendship. I never by any chance returned to Algiers from a journey in the interior without paying him a visit, and at times I would pass an hour or two with him of an afternoon engaged in conversation. We had both traveled a great deal, and while Sid-Abdallah would talk to me of the East and Algeria, concerning which I was anxious to learn all I could, I, for my part, would relate my travels in Europe. When I say that I had to a certain extent conquered the Moor's confidence, I should explain that he was merely as friendly with me as he was ever likely to be with a European. He never mentioned a word concerning his house or family. He only spoke about his public life, such as the condition of his ancestors, his travels in the interior and in the East, his business, and such like. I knew from other people that he was tolerably well off, and that he had had three wives, only one of whom was living. He resided in a house not far from his shop, but he had never asked me to go there, and had never even pointed it out to me.

One day while I was seated in his bazar talking, smoking cigarettes, and sipping coffee, he took down a small wooden box from a shelf, and opening it, proceeded to show me its contents. There was an old watch, some valuable jewelry, and several parchments covered with very beautiful Arab writing, and illuminated in the margins with blue and gold; some of them, too, had large seals in the corners. Abdallah was telling me how he was descended from a family of Marabouts, and how these documents were his patents of nobility. The one-o'clock prayer had just been announced from the minaret of the neighboring mosque, and a number of Moorish women were descending from the upper part of the town on their way to the baths, followed by negresses carrying large bundles of linen upon their heads. All of a sudden a woman, quite alone, unaccompanied either by a servant or a child, as is usual in Algiers, stopped before the shop and leaned against the door-post.

"Salem" (I salute thee), she said, in a very soft, melodious voice, but which was somewhat indistinct on account of the muslin which covered her face from the eyes downward.

Abdallah saw her without raising his head, heard her greeting, replied by a very gruff "Salem," and continued turning over his parchments.

"Ouach enta?" (How art thou?) continued the voice, in a tone which, although slightly firmer, was still very soft.

"Very well," answered Abdallah, abruptly, in just such a manner as he would have said, "Go about your business."

After one or two other questions, however, he was obliged to put his papers on one side; stretching out his hand toward the box, he slowly arranged the precious documents, and then, raising his head, looked straight at the woman. An almost imperceptible blush passed over his care-worn countenance, and for the first time since I had known him, his usually dull eyes were lighted up with something resembling the fire of youth. The conversation commenced in a very animated manner, although it was generally carried on in a low tone. It was quite impossible for me, with my imperfect knowledge of Arabic, to gather any thing from it. I could only distinguish the often-repeated word "Amar," and judging from the gestures of Abdallah, it seemed as if he was refusing to comply with the woman's request. Sometimes he would take his beard in both hands and shake his head, at others he would place the back of his right hand under his chin and draw it away again with that emphatic gesture by which the Arabs accompany their "La, la" (No). Nevertheless, the woman strove to attain her object without appearing in the least degree discouraged at Abdallah's repeated refusals. She asked, begged, prayed, and menaced in turn, with such a volubility of phrases, and such a soft accent, that her passionate language would have been irresistible to any one but old Abdallah. What fascinated me more than any thing was the musical voice of this pleading woman. She softened the harshest sounds of her language, and, whether she desired it or not, her most irritable sayings were enveloped, as it were, in a kind of melody. Even when she burst out in a passion, and when her voice rose to the intonations of anger, she never by any chance gave utterance to a false note. I sat listening in ecstasy. What was the age and condition of this woman? I asked myself. Apart from a miracle there was art, and a great deal of art, in her language; I therefore estimated that she was more than eighteen. By her figure, which was completely masked from head to foot, I could tell nothing. She was enveloped in white, and all that one could see of her body was a wrist and hand, the former being delicately tattooed with blue marks and ornamented with a double gold bracelet, while the latter looked soft and small, and seemed to belong to an idle woman who was more than usually careful of her person.

The interview terminated without any result. The woman selected a small red leather pouch and a pair of embroidered slippers from the shop, placed them beneath her haïk, without asking the price, readjusted her veils, and saluted Sid-Abdallah by a sign of the head. Without thinking what I was doing, I bowed slightly, and said "Good-day" in Arabic. "Au revoir," she answered, with the purest French accent. At the same time I caught sight of her eyes, which were directed toward me. It would be difficult to say what they expressed; but I felt that the look was piercing, for it came and went like a flash of lightning.

"Do you know that woman?" I asked Sid-Abdallah, when she had left us.

He was quite calm again, and merely answered, "No."

"Does she live in Algiers?"

"I don't know."

"What was she asking you?"

The question was too direct. The old man hesitated; then, as is generally the case when Mussulmans are embarrassed for an answer, he replied by a proverb. At the same time he rose, put on his shoes, and left me, as was his custom, to go to say his prayers.

I knew Abdallah sufficiently well to be aware that any further allusion to the subject would annoy him, and I therefore determined to say nothing more about it.

I returned to the shop the next day at a little before one, with the firm resolution of being discreet, no matter what might happen. We had hardly been talking for five minutes when a woman, followed by a negress in a red haïk, which is quite an unusual sight in Algiers, appeared at the top of the street. I saw her stop in the shadow of one of the low arched doorways to readjust her veil, so that her servant preceded her instead of following her. Her costume was irreproachably white, but I was somewhat surprised to see that she wore neither stockings nor the long baggy muslin breeches which Moorish women generally put on when they go out. She had two massive gold rings round her somewhat thin ankles, and her naked feet were encased in black morocco shoes slashed with red. She came toward us, striking the gold rings together at every step, with her body perfectly erect, and her hands hidden beneath her white drapery. As she passed in front of the shop, I noticed that her almond-shaped eyes were looking at me sideways, and the movement of the muslin stretched across her lips showed me clearly enough that she was laughing. It was my Moorish woman of the previous day. Something more than the smile and the sidelong glance seemed to tell me that it was she. My first thought was to follow her, but I restrained myself, for I would not for the world have done any thing to offend my old friend. She turned the corner of the street; for a few seconds I heard the jingling of the gold rings in the distance, then it suddenly died away, and we continued our conversation in the most natural manner imaginable. I noticed, however, that Sid-Abdallah did not leave me that afternoon to go to the mosque; indeed, our gossip seemed to have interested him so much that he forgot all about his prayers.

I remained more than two hours with him after the Moorish woman had passed. When I rose to leave he looked at me in a very strange manner, and pressed my hand with a familiarity quite unusual to him; then, laying stress upon each word, he said,

"Sidi, you are very young; I speak to you as a man who knows a great many things—beware of the Kabyle."

The above events occurred about the middle of November, and shortly afterward I left Algiers for the interior. Toward the end of February I was at Blidah, some thirty miles from Algiers, in company with a Frenchman of the name of Vertbois. We had met some time previous in the Sahara; I was following a caravan bound for Onargla, but which I intended leaving at the second oasis. One evening, just as we were getting to the end of the days of March, Vertbois joined us, and as I had the least baggage of any one, it was decided that he should share my tent. We parted company on the next day, but we met each other again several months afterward in the plain of the Mitidja. Vertbois was quite a character. He would set out alone on excursions of several hundred miles into the interior of the country, without giving a thought to the danger connected with the journey; for, being a thorough master of Arabic, and of an inoffensive disposition, he was always well received by the Arabs. When I expressed surprise that he had never been robbed, he would answer that the best way to avoid it was to carry nothing likely to tempt any one. "A thousand horsemen can not strip a naked man," he would say.

At Blidah we shared a house together. One afternoon, about two o'clock, we were sitting smoking in our room, when our attention was attracted by the clinking of iron castanets and the dull sound of a tarbouka, or native drum, issuing from a neighboring street.

"A *fête*," said Vertbois; "shall we go and see it?"

"I don't mind," I answered.

Guided by the music, we soon found the house where the *fête*, as my companion styled it, was being given. A portion of the wall surrounding the court-yard had fallen down at one part, so that by looking over the ruins we could see what was going on within just as if we had been inside. On the door-step of a low building running along one side of the yard sat a young negress suckling a naked baby, and apparently presiding over the small family party which had gathered in a circle in front of her. Two Moorish women reclining upon carpets, each with a pair of enormous iron castanets, which seemed quite out of place in their delicate little hands, accompanied the song of a couple of negroes, who were squatted cross-legged on the ground, beating time upon their tarboukas, and giving utterance to a series of nasal sounds which, although rather monotonous, were not altogether devoid of melody. In the centre of the group, at a short distance from the mother and child, a half-naked negro was performing, in honor of the new-born babe, the wildest kind of war-dance that it is possible to conceive. Presently a child noticed us, and ran to open the door. Entering the yard, we saluted the company by a movement of the lips and a slight inclination of the head, so as not to call their attention from the dancer.

The Moorish women had cast aside their veils, as well as the voluminous muslin drapery with which they envelop themselves out-of-doors, so that we were able to contemplate them at our leisure. They were pretty and well dressed, their costumes being composed of silks and satins, richly embroidered with gold and silver thread and different colored silks. They wore a pair of baggy breeches reaching to the knee, and several small waistcoats, worn one over the other beneath a caftan, or jacket with long sleeves, the whole being relieved by a very fine muslin chemisette, which peeped out through the negligently buttoned waistcoats and at the bottom of the sleeves. We sat there for nearly an hour without any one speaking a word. The dancer was of course the first to get tired; and when he at length sank down completely exhausted, the *fête* came to an end. We had said "Good-day" to the people of the house, and were on the point of leaving, when we all at once heard a suppressed titter behind us, and looking round, perceived that we were followed by the two Moorish women, who had put on their veils and white calico masks. We naturally stood on one side to allow them to go out first, and as they passed us we both said "Good-day" in Arabic.

"Au revoir, monsieur," answered the shortest and slimmest of the two women. I need hardly say that I at once recognized the "*Au revoir, monsieur*," of the square at Algiers. This time old Abdallah was not there, and without giving the matter a moment's thought I followed them.

"Do you know them?" asked Vertbois.

"No," I answered; "but I am rather curious to find out something about the one who said *Au revoir*."

At the end of the street they parted company. I allowed the tall one to proceed on her way, and followed the other. Much to my disappointment, she did not once turn her head, or, at all events, I did not notice her do so. At last, after a somewhat roundabout journey, she reached her destination, which was one of those dismal-looking Arab houses, situated in an Arab street, in a melancholy and deserted quarter of the town. She pushed open the heavy door by leaning the whole weight of her body against it, and disappeared. I was close behind her; I saw the massive wooden door, studded with large iron nails, swing back again, and for a moment or two tremble upon its hinges. She had not bolted it after her, for every now and then it opened slightly, as if pushed by the wind or pulled from the interior by an invisible hand. I remained there for half a minute, uncertain how to act. All of a sudden the door opened again, and the woman stood before me, still masked, but with her eyes sparkling like diamonds.

"Don't come in," she said in Sabir—that is to say, a dialect composed of French, Spanish, Italian, and Arabic, which is commonly used by the Arabs in the neighborhood of Algiers. "Come to-morrow at twelve."

Vertbois was keeping guard at the bottom of the street.

"Well?" he inquired, when I joined him.

"Well," I answered, "I'm going there to-morrow."

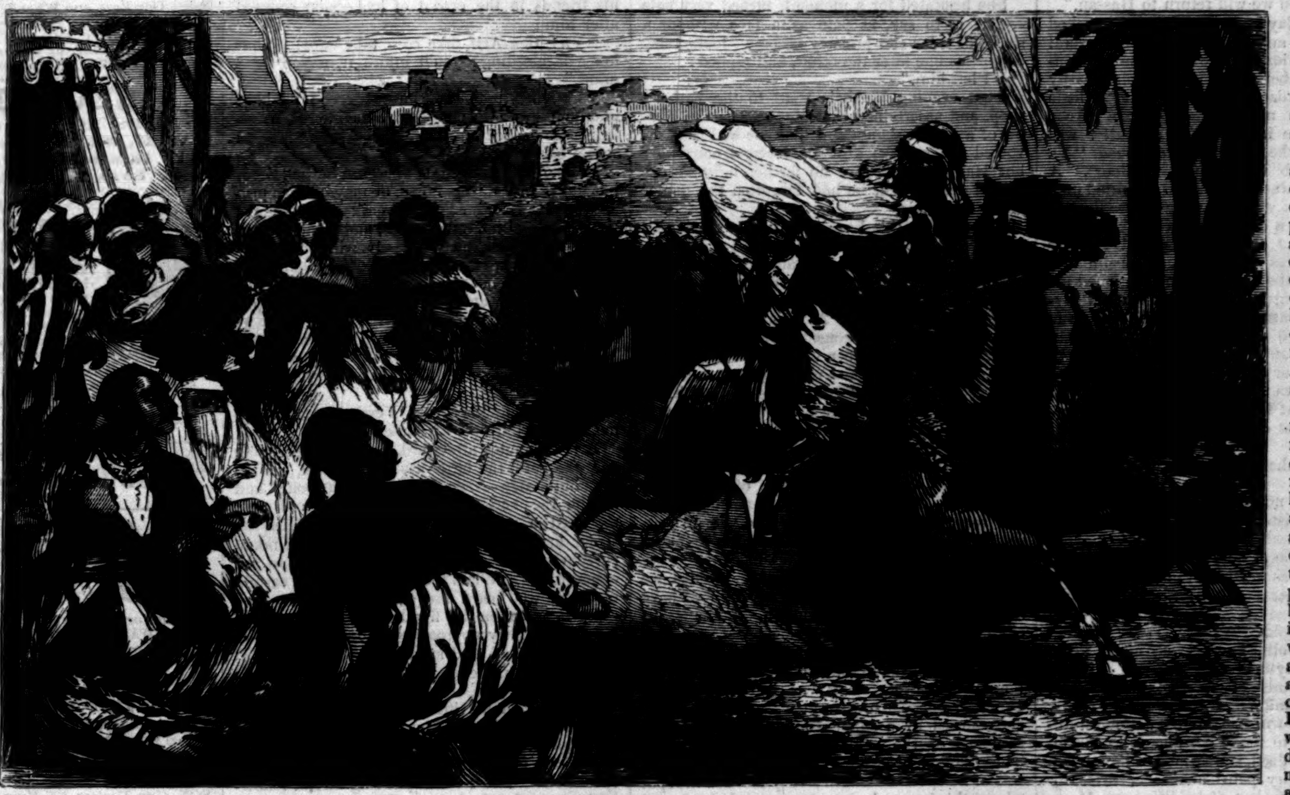
In a few words I related to him the incident connected with Sid-Abdallah's bazar. He knew Sid-Abdallah well, and assured me that his warning had not been given without cause. "As to the woman," he added, "we can soon find out all about her from Hassan the barber."

As we entered the barber's shop, a Moor and an Arab had just concluded a game of draughts.

"If one had every thing that one desired, the beggar would become bey," exclaimed the former, as his antagonist captured his last piece.

"That's a well-known proverb," said Vertbois, taking him by the hand; and then turning to me, he continued, "Let me introduce you to Ben-Hamida. You can talk together of Paris, for you have both lived there."

Ben-Hamida spoke French fluently. He had been educated in Paris at the College St. Louis, and was then a professor at one of the Arab schools. His antagonist was an Arab of the plain—a short, thickset man, with a brown skin and beard and whiskers. The quality of his burnous and haïk, and the elegant jacket and waistcoats which one caught a glimpse of beneath,



"THE VILLAIN! ARREST HIM! FASTER—FASTER!"

seemed to indicate that he was a man of position in his tribe.

We staid at the barber's, talking, listening to anecdotes, smoking, and sipping coffee, which an Arab boy brought from a neighboring coffee-house, until the heat had somewhat subsided.

"He's very charming, but a thorough hypocrite," said Vertbois, as we were strolling home, referring to the ex-student of the College St. Louis. "As to the one who was playing draughts with him," he continued, "he has a little sin upon his conscience which makes him rather taciturn, for the eyes of justice are watching him. As he was returning one night on horseback to his douar, by a somewhat lonely road, accompanied by a cousin against whom he had a grievance, he managed to ride behind his companion and shoot him through the loins. The cousin's horse returned to the douar without a rider, but it was some days before the corpse could be found; eventually, however, it was discovered by the number of birds of prey which were seen hovering over it. Unfortunately, it was then in such a state that it was impossible to find any traces of the wound, and, in fact, the body was only recognized by the garments. Nevertheless, the authorities suspected the truth; Amar-ben-Arif was arrested and questioned, but they were obliged to release him for want of proof. It was a family quarrel, originating out of jealousy, I believe.

"I have gathered a few facts concerning your mauresque," he continued. "The woman has been at Blidah for the last month; she lives alone with her servant Assra, the negress whom we saw to-day. Her name is Haoûa, and the name of her friend Aïchouna. The *fête* to-day was given to celebrate the birth of Assra's first-born, and the negro who was dancing is the father. That is all I know, but if we require any further information we will return to Hassan."

The following day at twelve o'clock I knocked at Haoûa's door, and was answered by several people in the interior crying out together, "Minhou?" (Who is there?); while a voice, easily enough to recognize, proceeding from a little loop-hole above my head, repeated, "Ache koune?" (Who is it?). Then a shutter was slammed to, and the same voice continued, "Ya Assra, heull el bab" (Assra, open the door). A few minutes afterward the negress admitted me.

We ascended a wooden staircase leading to a gallery which ran completely round the house on the inside, and eventually reached Haoûa's room. The negress drew aside the muslin curtain which veiled the entrance, and motioned me to enter. Crossing the threshold, I found myself in a large apartment paved with encaustic tiles, and furnished with a quantity of Persian carpets and cushions, a few divans, some large chests, and two or three low tables standing about a foot from the ground. I perceived Haoûa reclining at full length upon a large low divan in the midst of a number of small cushions.

"Good-day," she said as I entered. "Sit down."

I seated myself, not beside her, but at her feet, and at a certain distance, so that I might have a better view of her.

She held the tube of an Oriental pipe between her fingers, and was watching the smoke as it issued from the amber mouth-piece, and went curling slowly up toward the ceiling. The long tube, ornamented with golden bands, was twisted round one of her legs—both of which were naked to the knees and of a very delicate brown tint. It was a lovely sight to watch her as she lay there, pale, motionless, half smiling, with her bosom gently heaving up and down. There was nothing wanting in her toilet to make her appear as charming as possible; indeed, she seemed to have taken more than ordinary pains about her dress, for she was considerably less *déshabillé* than a Moorish woman generally is at home. She wore blue and black silk handkerchiefs in her hair, and a bodice of blue cashmere richly embroidered with gold thread, beneath a blue caftan without sleeves, while, contrary to the custom of the neighborhood, a kind of gold belt with a massive fastening secured an ample scarlet-colored fouta round her slender waist. Her costume was thus composed of three colors, but the scarlet completely killed the others, and seemed to intensify her naturally pale complexion. Her eyelashes and eyebrows were painted with koheul, and her hands and feet stained with henna.

"Onech esmek?" (What is your name?) I asked.

She took a last whiff of smoke, and handing me the mouth-piece, exclaimed, with a smile,

"Onech entekfi?" (What does that matter to you?)

"I want to know if your name sounds as soft as your voice," I answered; and then, as I looked at her, as if waiting for a reply, she said:

"My name is Haoûa?"

"Is it warm?" she asked, after a silence.

"Very warm; and he who seeks shelter from the sun beside a fire is a madman."

She smiled slightly at the proverb; and then there was a second pause. I soon discovered that all the French Haoûa knew consisted of such words as *monsieur, bonjour, au revoir, asseyez-vous;* and as I possessed but a very indifferent knowledge of Arabic, it was somewhat difficult at times to carry on the conversation. After a while, however, we managed to get on pretty well, and soon became very good friends. I filled the pipe and made cigarettes for her, while she sipped the coffee which Assra brought in from the kitchen.

Fastened in her hair, and wound four or five times round her neck, was one of those long strings of orange-blossoms which are sold at the markets for a few sous. The blossoms had been gathered that morning, and their perfume scented the whole apartment. As I was wishing her good-by she slowly removed it, and throwing it ound my neck, said, "Take it."

After my first visit I saw her almost daily. Vertbois and I used to go there together, and as the Oriental pipe had three branches, each of us took one. In this manner we passed the warm afternoons and evenings; lounging upon cushions, with the amber mouth-piece between our lips and a cup of coffee at our side. I had full permission to open Haoûa's boxes and examine the contents. She had one of the most magnificent wardrobes that it is possible to imagine. There were winter and summer jackets covered with gold and silver ornaments, and with large gold or silver buttons; cloth and silk caftans; trowsers made of every material and of every size, from those of ordinary long cloth or muslin to those of satin and brocaded silk, embroidered with gold and silver thread; a vast number of fouta for fastening round the waist; silk handkerchiefs and Tunisian tissues of every description and color. The jewelry was wrapped up in large silk handkerchiefs. There were massive gold rings for the ankles, bracelets, brooches for fastening the haïk, large ear-rings, ornaments for the hair, rings for the fingers, and necklaces composed of gold coins of almost every country in the world strung upon ribbons.

One day, when I had been turning all her things over, I said:

"Why, Haoûa, you must have inherited the fortune of a sultan."

"It was not a sultan that gave me that; it was my husband."

"Which one?" asked Vertbois in fun, little thinking that he had shot so near the mark.

"The one who is dead," answered Haoûa, in a voice which was sad enough to convince us that she had been a widow.

"And what has become of your second husband?" I asked.

She hesitated for a moment, turned very pale—that is to say, as pale as a face without a shade of color can possibly become—looked fixedly at us one after the other, and replied:

"I left him."

That evening Vertbois went to the barber's shop, and ascertained that Haoûa was the widow of a first husband, and that she had been divorced six months after her second marriage; but Hassan would give no farther information, and pretended that he had forgotten the names of her husbands.

Shortly after this I again left for the south, and only returned to Blidah in the month of August. I found Haoûa exactly the same as when I left her three months previous, with the exception that she was perhaps a trifle more languid. She told me that her friend Aïchouna had taken to dancing in public with considerable success. Toward the end of October of the same year, just after Vertbois and I had returned from a shooting excursion in the neighborhood of Tipaza, we received a letter from the caïd of the Hadjouts, inviting us to a *fête* that was to be given in the tribe on the afternoon of the next market-day.

"You'll find nothing new there," observed Vertbois, as we were riding out of the town; "you'll see nothing but a vast number of tents and some hundreds of Arabs, who will give an equestrian *fête*, followed in the evening by feasting and dancing; but the caïd has invited us, and it would look bad not to go. Besides, we shall perhaps amuse ourselves after all, for I have a great many friends among the Hadjouts, including that scoundrel Amar-ben-Arif, who, by-the-way, is a splendid horseman."

We reached the market about mid-day, and by four o'clock every thing was ready for the *fête*. Precisely opposite the women's tent, which was surmounted by a small red flag, stood the silk standard of the caïd planted in the ground. These flags showed the width of the course, which was of no specified length; they marked the spot where the horses had to be stopped short, and where the riders were to discharge their fire-arms, turning first of all toward the caïd, and afterward toward the women. Just as the *fête* was about to commence, we noticed three mules entering the bivouac; two of them were ridden by Moorish women enveloped in white veils, and the third by a negro, while a negress accompanied them on foot.

"Why, there's Assra and the negro Saïd!" said Vertbois, who at once recognized Haoûa's servant and her husband.

"In that case," I answered, "it is easy to guess who the two Moorish women are."

They entered the camp, but instead of going to the pavilion which had been set apart for the women, they proceeded toward a small tent standing by itself. Nobody seemed to pay much attention to them, but I heard one or two people near me say that they were dancers. As soon as they were seated, Aïchouna unmasked herself completely, while Haoûa merely drew her muslin veil slightly on one side, so as to show her face to her friends.

At the first discharge of musketry Aïchouna rose, and, taking her friend by the hand, exclaimed,

"There go the horsemen; let us run and see them."

They both arranged their veils, and, leaving the tent, mixed with the crowd of spectators.

"Au revoir," said Haoûa, as she passed me.

"Au revoir," I answered; and I might have said "Adieu," for when I saw her again she was lying at the brink of death and hardly recognizable.

The scene that followed was truly magnificent. There were some two or three hundred mounted Arabs galloping about in almost every direction, discharging their fire-arms in the air and loading them again without stopping, flinging them up above their heads and catching them, standing erect in their stirrups, stooping down to pick up stones from the ground as their horses, pushed to their utmost speed, described curves and circles over the course, and then at a certain signal came tearing down toward the multitude of lookers-on, stopping short between the standard of the caïd and the tent of the women, while the riders, rising in their stirrups, discharged all the fire-arms they carried about them, and then dashed off again as fleetly as before, amidst the repeated "You, you, you!" of the women, who in this manner expressed their approval of what they saw.

All at once Vertbois, pointing to a horseman who had passed us several times, and who seemed to be riding more recklessly than any of the others, exclaimed, "There is Ben-Arif." I remembered the Arab that he had pointed out to me on the occasion of our first visit to Hassan the barber, as well as the story he had related concerning him; but I could hardly recognize the serious and gloomy looking man whom I had seen playing draughts with the ex-student of the College St. Louis in the brilliant cavalier who seemed to be the very soul of the *fête*. He carried a curved sabre thrust between the girths of his saddle, two or three long knives and pistols in his girdle, and a double-barreled rifle of European manufacture in his hand. From time to time he loaded the last-mentioned weapon with handfuls of powder and cocked it while his horse was at full speed; then, after discharging the two barrels in the air, almost simultaneously, in the presence of the caïd and the women of the tribe, he would dash off again into the far distance, throwing the gun up above his head and catching it as it came down with the greatest facility.

The fantasia had lasted for more than an hour, and Amar seemed as untiring as at the commencement, notwithstanding that he had not once left the saddle, and that his horse had not had a single minute's repose. At last, as he went tearing past us, accompanied by the dull sound of his horse's hoofs—for, contrary to the custom prevalent among Arabs, it was shod—some of his friends in the crowd of lookers-on shouted after him:

"Ya! Ben-Arif, take care, take care! Your horse is bleeding; you'll injure it, if you don't mind."

"Patience, patience," he answered; "I have another;" and discharging his rifle at arms-length he dashed out of sight as fast as his steed would carry him.

At length he stopped, not because he was tired, but out of pity for his horse, or may be from prudence. He examined the animal's sides, sponged the wounds with a tuft of grass, and stopped those which were bleeding too freely with moistened clay. He then carefully wiped off the foam with a corner of his haïk, loosened the saddle-girths, and, taking the animal's head between his open hands, kissed it upon the nostrils, and called it by some endearing name which I did not hear. Then he jumped upon the fresh horse which an Arab was holding for him, and darted off again like a flash of lightning.

"This madman," said Vertbois, turning to me, "will wind up with some foolery."

A few minutes afterward, as he was galloping past the caïd, the latter cried after him, "Wait a minute, Ben-Arif; I'll ride with you;" and suiting the action to the word, the old man mounted a white horse and, accompanied by Amar and three youths who had not yet taken part in the fantasia, rode slowly out on to the open ground. When they had attained a certain distance, we heard the caïd shout, "Are you ready?" and then the five horsemen dashed off together. They approached us in a line, just as they had started, and as they reached the standard we heard three reports. They were all armed except the caïd, but Amar did not fire. I noticed him place his rifle in front of him across the saddle, and gather up his reins as if to make his horse jump. The animal sprang on one side, and then rising in the air leaped into the midst of the spectators. There was a piercing shriek, followed by a confused clamor. The crowd opened, and I caught sight of a bundle of white drapery lying in convulsions upon the ground.

"Ah, the villain!" exclaimed Vertbois.

"Seize him!" shouted the caïd, as he dug his spurs into his horse and dashed after Amar.

No one had time to lay hands upon him, however, although he passed so close to us that his horse almost knocked us down. He looked behind him to see if he was followed, and gave a long shrill whistle. On hearing it, his first horse, tired as it was, broke loose from the man who was holding it and darted after its master. A few seconds later we saw a party of horsemen enveloped in a cloud of dust racing across the plain in the direction of the mountains. At a short distance in front of them was Ben-Arif, leaning forward in his saddle, with his other horse galloping beside him.

In the mean while, the people round about me continued exclaiming, "The villain! Arrest him! Faster—faster!" while every now and then one could hear voices in the crowd saying, "She is dead."

It was poor Haoûa who had been knocked down and trampled under foot by Amar's horse. She was not dead, but over her right eyebrow there was a deep wound which bled profusely. They carried her to the tent, laid her on a mattress, and brought red-hot irons for the purpose of cauterizing the wound, according to the Arab custom; but both the caïd and Vertbois, after examining it carefully, exclaimed, "It is useless."

It was an hour before she recovered her senses; and then she looked at us with a sort of vacant stare, her beautiful black eyes being covered with a kind of film.

"Ya, habibi!" she said, seizing my hand. "Oh, my friend, I am killed!" She made a second effort to make herself heard, and exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, "*He* has killed me."

"Yes," said Vertbois, taking me on one side, "he has killed her, and he intended to kill her. She was his wife. Every one says so, here, and we should have known it before if we had taken the trouble to make inquiries. He murdered her first husband in order to be able to marry her, and she left him when she discovered that he was an assassin."

It was six o'clock when the *fête* was brought to this tragic end. As soon as it was dusk the diffa was served, after which there was dancing, a youth taking the place of Aïchouna. The horsemen returned to the camp between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, but without Ben-Arif, who had succeeded in escaping to the mountains.

We visited the tent for the last time at four o'clock in the morning, while the stillness of death reigned over every thing. The end of a candle was shedding forth its last rays, and spreading a dim light in the interior. Aïchouna was asleep. Assra, worn out with fatigue, with her hair in disorder and her face disfigured with scratches, was crouched on the ground at her mistress's feet. Haoûa was dead. Her arms were stiff, her head was turned a little on one side, and her eyelids were closed in an everlasting sleep. Her forehead was covered with a bandage, and she wore a long string of flowers round her neck similar to the one she had given me the first time I visited her. We took a last look at her from the entrance to the tent, and then, mounting our horses, turned sadly toward home.

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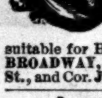

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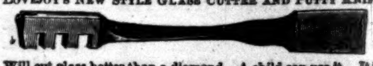

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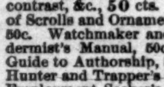

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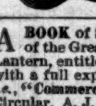


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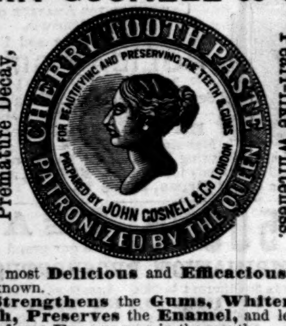


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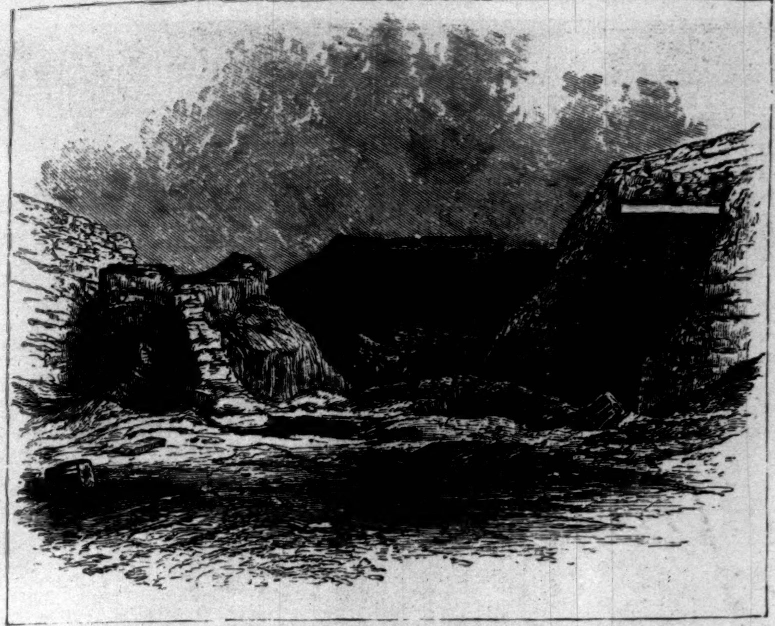

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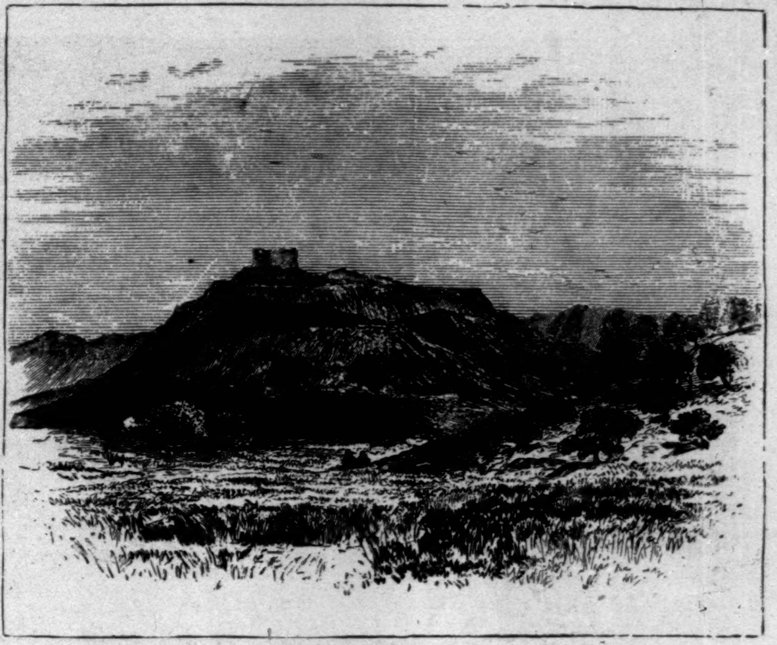

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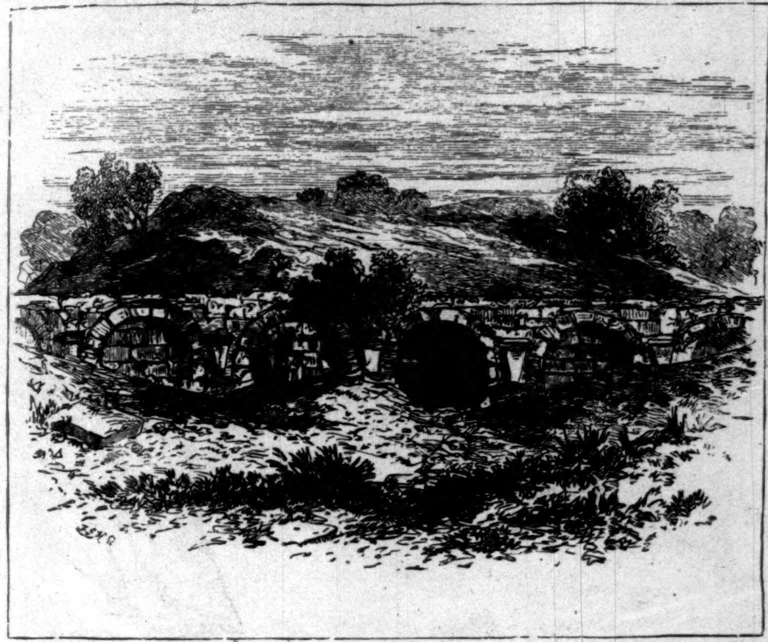

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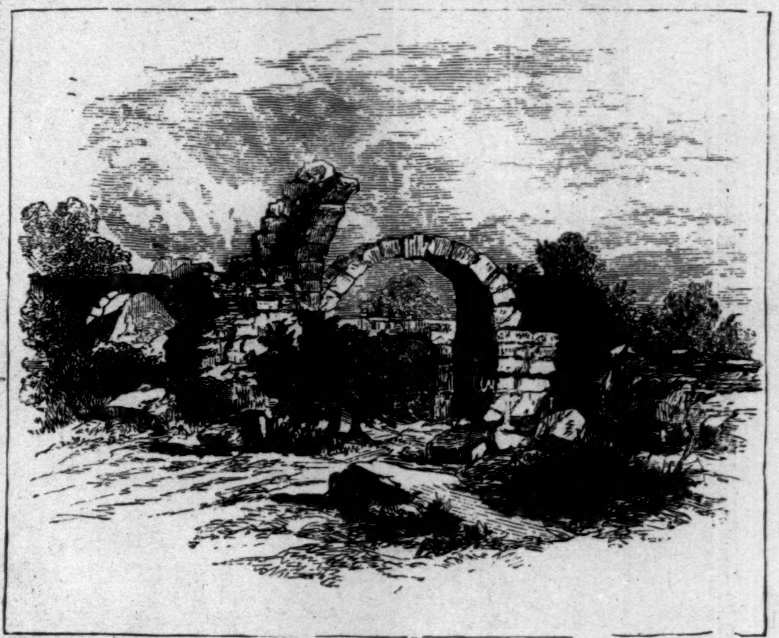

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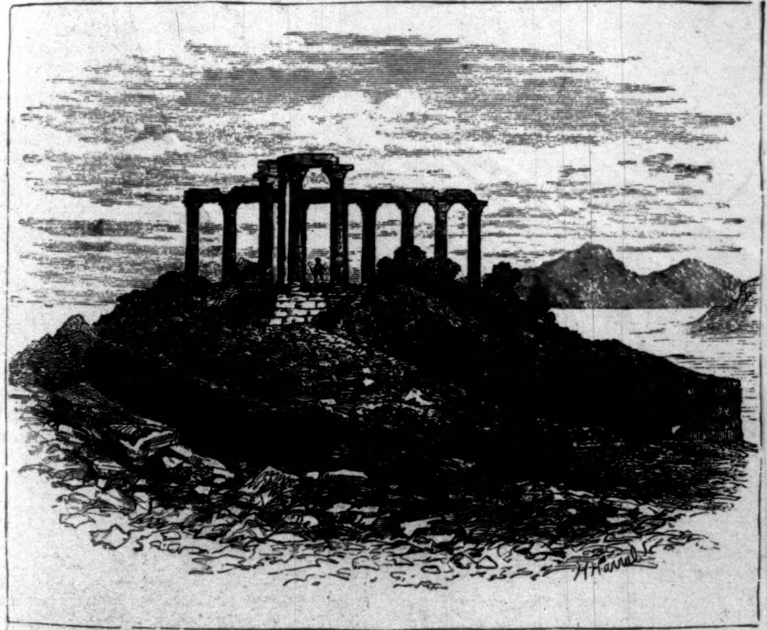

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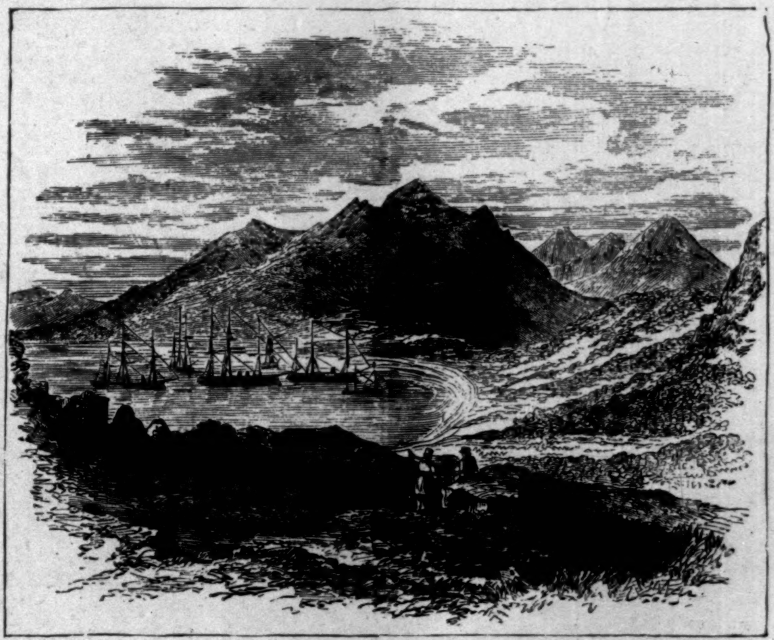

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